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## The Week

THE caucus of Republican members of the Senate has taken rather sharp action against Senator La Follette and his supporters, Senators Ladd, Frazier, and Brookhart, in reading them out of the Republican party. As a gesture of impatience their decision is quite understandable and, indeed, natural. What it signifies beyond this is not entirely clear, however. There is no strong reason why the Progressive Senators should sit in the councils of a party which they have opposed at the polls and may oppose again. In any case their advice would receive no consideration by the party managers. But their status in the organization of the Senate is another matter. By Senatorial tradition, committee assignments go by seniority, which would ordinarily mean seniority in both Senate and party. The question is, can detachment from the Republican party be interpreted as a clear break with past service in the Senate and the seniority privileges it conveys? The regular Republicans may claim with some justice that the promotion of Progressives by seniority rule to committee chairmanships would set at naught a clear popular mandate to the regular Republican organization. But the elimination of these Senators from their present places upon the committees would be an intolerable affront to their constituencies as well as an act of wanton despotism by a temporary majority. It is one thing to pronounce that these men are not Republicans; it is quite another to deprive them of their status as experienced members of the Senate.

WILL President Coolidge attempt to call a disarmament conference to meet at Washington during 1925? Secretary Hughes has hinted at such a development after the Dawes plan is in successful operation. He would like, of course, to add this feather to his cap before he returns to private life in the spring of 1926. President Coolidge has cast longing eyes at the increased prestige which his administration would gain from a successful meeting of nations. Nevertheless, in our opinion the conference will not take place. The President and his advisers are too shrewd to put their heads into the noose of certain and tragic failure which awaits any such enterprise. It cannot be too often repeated that limitation of armament and national security are indissolubly linked. No nation will throw away its sword unless it has, not merely the promise, but the iron-clad assurance, of security derived from some other source. Such guarantees the United States is not in a position to offer. Indeed, we are not even willing to participate in them when offered. We have refused and still refuse to join the League; it is altogether likely that we shall refuse to join, under whatever reservations, in the attempt to outlaw war embodied in the new Protocol. Under these circumstances, an invitation to European countries to join a disarmament conference at Washington would constitute as colossal a piece of effrontery as was ever recorded.

ONLY the most ignorant or forgetful can point to the "success" of the Washington Conference as a precedent for a new venture. Everyone now knows that that conference did not limit armament in any important sense. It secured an agreement only in regard to battleships—war mechanisms which many naval experts now regard as obsolete. It resulted in a limitation which left all the leading powers far more even of these antiquated monsters than they have any use for. It left unlimited such weapons


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as airplanes, submarines, poison gas; it left land armies quite untouched. The bad feeling between the United States and Japan, which it alleviated, has been restored in worse form by our new immigration law. How completely the conference failed to solve China's problems is illustrated by her recent history. Yet even the moderate achievements of the Washington Conference were secured only by the most desperate struggle of the diplomats, despite the club the United States was able to wield because the leading powers were engaged in an armament race which was headed toward bankruptcy, a race in which we were leading and which only we could afford. These facts force one to realize that not even the famous Coolidge luck could prevent a tragic collapse of any disarmament conference held at Washington during the coming year if it ignored—as it certainly would—the cognate question of security.

IN an article published in this issue one of our contributors presents an impressive analysis of the immense weight of responsibility that rests upon the administrators of the Dawes plan. One of the necessary assumptions on which the expectation of payments under the plan is based is that Germany, relieved from the Ruhr occupation and the threat of repeated invasion, would promptly develop a considerable economic surplus, which could be paid into the Reichsbank even if it could not be transmitted beyond the boundaries without disturbing the exchanges. The presumption that such a surplus exists rests upon inferences from the international competing power of Germany during the period of inflation, and upon the fact that the mortgage indebtedness of German industry was wiped out by the depreciation of the mark. But as our contributor shows, the apparent advantages to German export from inflation were lost the moment stabilization was put into effect, and the enormous development of taxation has taken up any slack produced by the wiping out of mortgage indebtedness. Any sums to be extracted from Germany must come from some other source. Our contributor argues that it will come out of the income of labor, and will permanently hold the standard of living at a level which will result in an accumulation of grievances that may in the end fill all working class Germany with a blind determination to win liberty at whatever cost. That is, the Dawes plan administrators hold peace or war in their hands.

THE more open minded defenders of the Dawes plan will admit the existence of this danger. If the alternative presented itself of wiping out the scores of war, letting Germany off with what she has already surrendered, or of saddling her in her present impoverished condition with the burdens defined in the Dawes plan, all men of common sense would agree that the former was the way of peace while the latter ran perilously toward war. But the real alternative lay between the Dawes plan and the status quo, with the French troops in the Ruhr to stay, with customs lines cutting occupied Germany off from the rest of the Reich, with the infinite provocations to violence on both sides. Maintenance of the status quo made war inevitable; the Dawes plan offers at least a glimmer of hope for a peaceful solution. There is, we believe, sound reason for this view of the matter. Europe is a less dangerous powder mine with the Dawes plan in operation. It is still an extremely dangerous one. And the Dawes plan administrators will have to move with almost superhuman caution if they are to be sure that no act of theirs will fire the magazine.

IT is announced that France agrees to give America a share in the proceeds of the Dawes plan collections, to contribute toward the costs of the army of occupation and the material damages suffered by American citizens during the war. From a legalistic point of view, such a settlement of the issue is fair, reasonable and inevitable. The American claims for reparations are as valid as any other. They are derived, not from the Treaty of Versailles, but from America's position as one of the conquering nations, able to dictate terms of peace. Compensation for the costs of an army of occupation, by ancient precedent, is a prior claim upon the revenues collected from the vanquished. Accordingly the Allies were not in a legal position to make any claims of their own prior to the American. They need not have permitted America to use the machinery of the Dawes plan, but if they had not, America would have had the legal right to exact payment from Germany on her own account, which would have thrown the settlement into confusion.

SO much for the legalities of the case. But in Europe it is even less common than in America to judge a situation according to the letter of the law. What the average Frenchman will feel is that America, though so fabulously rich that she can swallow a hundred million dollar loan without even a momentary straining, insists on taking away from the impoverished Allies a share in the disappointingly small pickings from Germany. This settlement will work, along with the funding of the British debt to America and of the debts of Poland and other bankrupt European states, to strengthen the European feeling of solidarity against America. The poor have never loved the rich, even the benevolent rich. America does not give the impression to Europe of a benevolently rich state, but of a state that observes its wretched debtors with a cold eye and with the avowed intention of seizing the first opportunity to collect, no matter what the sufferings of the debtors.

FASCISM appears to have passed its zenith in Italy. The opposition to Mussolini grows stronger week by week. A campaign of exposure, in parliament, the courts, the press, is steadily laying before

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the public incontestable evidence of the outrageous violence employed by Mussolini and his supporters to keep the Fascisti in power and to enforce discipline within the ranks of the party. The pretence that there is a solid body of non-Fascist opinion behind the dictator no longer deceives anyone. Moreover, Mussolini's reputation for energy and good sense in meeting the financial problem is decaying. Juggling of accounts, rather than economy, was the device employed by Mussolini to give the appearance of a balanced budget. The dictator's command of military resources is too considerable to warrant a prediction of his early retirement. But it is plain that the Fascist scheme of government has no extended future in Italy. The Civil power may be won by brute force. It cannot long be maintained by force.

IN enacting restrictive immigration laws Congress intended not only to limit the absolute volume of immigration, but also to improve its quality, or at least to increase its assimilability. This is the only meaning that can be extracted from the quota principle, with its discrimination against Southern and Eastern Europe. For reasons of administration, as well as in the interest of harmony in our immediate neighborhood, contiguous states were exempted from the quota provisions. Canadians and Mexicans may enter the country in unlimited numbers. Our only restrictions on the Canadian and Mexican borders have to do with the most general qualifications as to health and civic record, and with evasions by non-admissible aliens landed at Canadian and Mexican ports. These evasions, if we are to accept the estimates of Secretary Davis, run to the incredible figure of 850,000. Suppose he has made a mistake of counting in bona fide citizens of Canada and Mexico, the fact still remains that the intention of Congress has been defeated. The absolute volume of immigration has not been materially abated, and as for quality and assimilability, it would be hard to prove that the Mexican peons or the French-Canadian laborers are superior to the Poles, Czecho-Slovaks or Italians Congress set out to exclude.

HAS a state court the right to order a recount of the ballots in a Federal election? That question must be decided by the Pennsylvania Supreme Court in the near future, in an unusually interesting case. W. W. Bailey, Democrat and "wet," ran for Congress in Pennsylvania and was apparently defeated by the Ku Klux Klan in an exceedingly close contest. Presumably in order to clinch their victory, or perhaps to forestall legal action on his part, his Klan opponents demanded a recount of the ballots. When completed this showed serious irregularities in the vote, and revealed Bailey as having won. His opponents thereupon challenged the legality of the recount, arguing that a state court has no authority to examine the ballots in the Federal election. This contention, if upheld by the courts, would of course open the door to the gravest election frauds; for it would make Congress alone responsible for investigating any charges of dishonesty in a national election. And if anyone exists who is naïve enough to believe Congress would or could safeguard the ballot effectively, we have never heard of him.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer has discovered that 213 college professors supported La Follette in the campaign; and it demands in an earnest editorial that they should be discharged on the ground that they are "attached to recognized heresies," and "may not be able to resist temptations to inject some of their views into their teachings." "The country and the government of the future will be safer," thinks the Enquirer, "if they are relieved from all duties as instructors of the youth of the nation." In fact, this paper thinks that "the controlling bodies of our educational institutions should take stock of their faculties" and that every man who is not a Coolidge Republican or a Davis Democrat should be hunted down and dismissed. This is not a particularly novel point of view. It has been expressed before by various wild-eyed patriots. But one does not often behold the spectacle of an important journal seriously advocating the wholesale suppression of everyone who disagrees with its own social philosophy. The Enquirer is entitled to be Exhibit A as a specimen of the Tory mind intoxicated with its own success.

IF an American election ever bore directly upon a concrete issue the recent election has a direct bearing on income taxation. President Coolidge supported the Mellon plan more vigorously than any other measure, and his triumph may properly be regarded as a popular approval of the fiscal ideas embodied in that plan. It is no wonder that the taxpayers who would have benefited by the reductions in the super-tax are clamoring for an immediate reopening of the question. They seem to have the people on their side. But under the sacrosanct Constitution the Congress which defeated the Mellon plan remains in power until March 4, and the new Congress will not meet until December, 1925, unless assembled earlier in special session. There can be no certain relier for the super-tax payer before that time. Some hundreds of millions will be paid into the Treasury because of the lag between the expression of the people's will and its time of taking effect. On the merits of the question, we are glad to see this money collected by the Treasury and applied to the reduction of the public debt. Nevertheless, we think that in a democracy what the people want they ought to get, and they ought to get it without absurd and useless delays. We invite the super-tax payers to join us in demanding an amendment to the Constitution which will put a Congress in power before the mandate on which it is elected has grown cold. There is no solid reason why the recently elected Congress should not be empowered to get to work by January 1.

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# What American Labor Wants

IF one were to take current headlines at their face value, one would conclude that the Chamber of Commerce of the United States had just held a convention at El Paso, masquerading as the American Federation of Labor. Denunciation of labor parties, approval of private enterprise in industry, warning against recognition of Soviet Russia, and a resolution to form an insurance company seem to have been the principal measures adopted. Yet these things really mean something quite different from what they appear to mean to the editors of the dailies, who never can seem to understand the background of the official policy of the Federation.

First, what of politics? "Labor's non-partisan political campaign was of tremendous effect upon our body politic and through its procedure forces have been set in motion that will bring into being consequences of momentous importance to the better and fuller life of all the people. . . . Your committee unequivocally recommends full approval and endorsement of the attitude and activities manifested and engaged in on the recent Presidential and Congressional elections." That is the so-called repentance for having endorsed La Follette. "Our non-partisan political policy does not imply that we shall ignore the existence or attitudes of political parties. It does intend that labor proposes to use all parties and be used by none. . . . We need not concern ourselves so much with the coming or going of political parties, their realignment, or the development of new and independent political parties or groups." This is the so-called repudiation of the new party. It means, if it means anything, that while the Federation as such does not intend to take the responsibility for forming a labor party, neither does it intend to exclude the possibility of a more inclusive new party, nor to tie itself to the existing ones. If a new party is formed which it can use better than the old ones it will do so again as it did in 1924. What progressive would prefer to this attitude a resolution at this time to found a strictly labor party? Surely only doctrinaires.

The opposition to governmental intervention in industry was also curiously phrased if one tries to conceive it as identical with that of the business man. "Democracy cannot come into industry through the state. Industry must find its own way through the difficulties with which it is beset, or face the alternative of state intrusion which must invariably lead to bureaucracy and breakdown." By industry labor does mean employers alone. For, as Mr. Gompers said, industrial democracy will eventually prevail despite all dictatorship, "whether dictatorship of the proletariat or dictatorship of capitalism." In achieving it there will necessarily be a rough struggle "until the contestants begin to understand each others' problems." This struggle will be "economic and political." "Too frequently labor is still compelled to fight for its simplest rights," reads the report. "It is compelled to carry on a constant warfare for industrial freedom—for the right to organize, for the right to cease work, the right to speak through its chosen representatives, the right to fair conditions under which to work, the right to keep its childhood from the mill, the factory, the mine and the sweatshop." The winning of these rights is essential to an industrial democracy which can function constructively in industry, and this in turn is essential to setting industry straight and making it fit for service, so that the hand of government will not be called in crudely to remedy intolerable evils.

This is a reiteration of the program on the aims of labor adopted at last year's convention. The Federation is not primarily concerned with denouncing socialism, and emphatically it does not approve of private enterprise in the sense in which it is practiced by employers who want to be autocrats of the workers and disregard the larger interest of the community. The confusion associated with this practice will, as the Federation declared, lead to general breakdown unless remedied. If no adequate remedies are devised within industry, the people will turn to the government as a savior. But such authoritarian measures as the government might employ, the Federation, with its strong bent toward voluntarism, functionalism and autonomy, deeply distrusts. It wants industry organized for service both to those within and those outside, by participants who know it in detail. It wants each functional group to contribute its proper share of skill and responsibility to such organization. It wants a democratic government of industry, a government by consent and adjustment. But the first step toward this government is the extension of the rights and powers of the unions into industries where they are not now fully recognized. Upon this struggle labor should now concentrate its energies. In doing so it may need to use political instruments if only to clear the way for itself. But it fears that governmental oversight over industry, if employed at present, would be used as much to block it as to aid its purpose. And it does not want to befog this purpose in the minds of workers by diverting their attention to cloudy arguments about what political socialism, to be achieved in some distant future, might do for them.

Every one of the important resolutions adopted is related to this philosophy. Consistency with it demands opposition to communism abroad and at home. The forming of an insurance company is avowedly undertaken not merely to extend the benefits of insurance as cheaply as possible to the organized workers, but also to strengthen their position. For one thing it will furnish a means of competing with group insurance under private auspices, which is often introduced by anti-union employers, and is "furnished free to the employes so long as

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they remain or retain their employment. . . . The purpose of group insurance by employers is obvious. Its influence is to chain the beneficiary to his employer." For another thing it will add to labor's control over capital, which is desirable in view of the fact that "Insurance constitutes one of the most powerful single units in the financial oligarchy of our land. . . . It is alleged that the tremendous resources at the disposal of the insurance combine have been used in the attempt to crush organized labor." Labor banks are approved, but cautions are expressed concerning their use by adventurers and exploiters, and labor is warned against irresponsible investment concerns which are not under its control. One of the most significant acts of the Convention has escaped comment. The report of the Executive Council pointed out that the road to industrial democracy is not one that labor can travel alone, and invited the cooperation of all like-minded persons. In response to this policy the Federation authorized the extension of its non-partisan political committee by the addition of suitable outsiders willing to work with it. Presumably this is in preparation for renewed efforts to curb the power of the courts and in other ways establish a secure legal status for the unions, to outlaw child labor; and to restore collective bargaining and voluntary arbitration on the railroads.

Few opponents of the A. F. of L. administration have thought through their doctrines as well, and none can justly charge that the expressed policy is stupid or inert. On the contrary, it is radical in a true sense, since it implies profound qualitative changes in the social and industrial order, it is founded on the needs of the individual personality, and it evinces a remarkable understanding of the processes of social change. If only the several unions could develop as effective an understanding of their immediate situations, the future of labor would look bright indeed.

## The Ultimatum to Egypt and After

IN foreign policy as in other worldly affairs, the more things change, the more they remain the same. The foreign policy of Great Britain has usually exhibited an admirable disposition to be fair and conciliatory in her dealings with white people in Europe and America plus a certain tendency to treat dark and colored peoples as if they existed only to be righteously governed by Englishmen. Recently British statesmen have practised in their transactions with this country, France and Germany more than their usual forbearance, patience and disposition to live-and-let-live, while at the same time their policy in Egypt, India and China has betrayed somewhat more consideration than formerly for the susceptibilities of Oriental peoples. Since the end of the war British foreign policy has stood out among those of all nations for its enlightenment and its honest and intelligent effort to practise fair dealing and to refrain from violence and impatience in carrying on its disputes with other countries. But now, suddenly and apparently without sufficient reason, the British government's treatment of an extremely important quarrel with Egypt falls back on the Palmerstonian model. It issues an ultimatum to Egypt which seizes the excuse of a deplorable assassination peremptorily to demand the settlement of all the outstanding issues with Egypt in favor of the British contentions.

It is no doubt true, as the British claim, that they are not transgressing their legal rights in issuing this ultimatum. There is no international authority or law which the Egyptians can invoke to protect themselves from being crushed by the British steam roller. Within certain limits defined by itself, the British Cabinet still governs Egypt; and government always means the exercise on lofty moral grounds of the right in the event of a dispute to overcome opposition by force. The present League of Nations is a league of governments. It cannot interfere in an international dispute unless an offending government plays the bully with another recognized government which is also a member of the League. Any act of the British government in Egypt is from the point of view of the League a matter of British domestic policy. If the Egyptians forcibly resist the British demands, they are legally rebels and traitors. They may righteously be shot or imprisoned at the discretion of their rulers.

Yet, notwithstanding the technical invulnerability of the position of the British government, its behavior in this instance will certainly, as George Bernard Shaw says, weaken the vitality of the League of Nations. After having recognized the existence of an Egyptian nation, the British government peremptorily acts as the sole judge of its controversies with the representatives of Egypt. In every moral and practical sense it has waged war against Egypt for the enforcement of its own decisions. This surely is not the kind of behavior which encourages a feeling of international security and tends to substitute conciliation, adjudication and perhaps justice for force as the arbiter of international disputes. On the contrary its tendency is once again to teach small and weak peoples in their disputes with powerful governments that they have no rights which those governments are under any obligation to respect. The unforgivable fault of the Egyptian people is their weakness. They were powerless in a world which sets up force as the final authority. If they could have resisted as stubbornly as the Irish finally resisted, the fact that some of them followed the Irish example and employed the detestable weapon of assassination would not have prevented the British government from treating them with more consideration.

The Egyptian people are, moreover, not only

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weak, they are brown and they are Oriental. There seems to be only one sufficient explanation for the violence of the British ultimatum. The Tory leaders have or think they have reason to fear for the supremacy of the white race in those Oriental countries which have been brought under British dominion. They see indications of dangerous unrest among many of the Asiatic and African peoples and an increasing disposition to resent and throw off the European yoke. The considerate and less dictatorial attitude which the whites have recently assumed in their transactions with Orientals has apparently only encouraged insubordination and intensified the difficulty of transacting business and carrying on government. The British government decided consequently to seize the opportunity afforded by the assassination of a British general to reassert the white man's right and determination to rule. Its ultimatum is probably the first explosion of a sustained and deliberate attempt to revive the prestige of the British Empire in Egypt, India and China.

The Tories are probably right in believing that a policy of conciliating Oriental peoples which includes the surrender of power to the natives will increase rather than diminish the difficulties of the white man's government. In the long run there is only way by which the British can assure themselves of continued obedience to their ultimatums and commands. They will have to make perfectly clear that they have the disposition and power to overcome resistance. The half measures with which they are now experimenting probably will not work. In the end the Egyptians and the Indians, like the Irish, will either govern themselves or they will be governed by British officials, supported ultimately by British troops. There are many years of conflict ahead and much agitation, hatred and suffering before the British will reconcile themselves to the conclusion that they cannot manage to win the consent of the populations of Egypt and India to ultimate British supremacy. In the mean time the existence of the British, French and Italian colonial empires will keep alive in the statesmen of those countries a pugnacious state of mind and a belief in the necessity and the righteousness of dictatorial government over brown, black or yellow peoples which will constitute probably the gravest of all obstacles to a pacific organization of international relations. The British Empire in particular will suffer under the strain. A renewed attempt to assert British prestige in the Orient will mean augmented military and naval expenditures. The British garrisons will have to be increased, and the budget weighted with the cost of such projects as the Singapore base. The white man's burden will become more burdensome than it was before the war, and the particular white men who have to carry it will find their energies and resources depleted and in the end insufficient. Orientals are not in a hurry. They will continue to submit if necessary, to agitate if possible, and unfortunately now and then to use assassination as a weapon. They can better afford to wait a few generations than can the anxious, scrupulous and hard-pressed British Empire.

# The Twilight of the Classics

CLASSICAL education is a sun that is setting. That is the plain fact. It may rise again. No one can say, of course, what renaissance may or may not take place a millennium from now. But at the present moment the illumination of classical learning has dimmed to a murky twilight. A man who can read either Latin or Greek with sufficient ease to permit of general browsing without a dictionary is a rarity even in the most cultivated circles—even, indeed, among university professors. The classical languages still persist in the curricula of schools and colleges and their elections remain more or less constant. Their very longevity affords an excellent subject for examination by those anthropologists who specialize in social vestiges and the inertia of established institutions. But the substance of classical education is by no means measured by courses and elections. Apply this simple rule: how many high school seniors are able to read either classical tongue as well as say twenty percent of their number can read French or German? The answer is, none. How many college seniors can read Latin as easily, and do read it as copiously, as every senior of average scholarship can read at least one modern language? About one in a hundred. The courses remain: that is a fact of interest to sociologists; the learning has gone: that is the condition which educators have to face.

This discrepancy between fact and fiction in classical education has not unnaturally been the subject of considerable alarm among teachers of all shades of opinion for many years. Many and anxious are the investigations that have been conducted into the parlous state of classical teaching, by what it is caused and how it can be eliminated. Monographs and dissertations without end have been composed dealing with the advantages to be gained from the study (no one ventures to say the mastery) of Latin or Greek. The most ingenious devices of the educational psychologists have been applied, like pulmotors, to the newly perishing dead languages. All that statistics can do has been tried repeatedly.

The last and most extensive of all these surveys has just been concluded and its results issued in the form of three hundred pages of General Report. This survey has been conducted by the American Classical League, a national body representing all the leading classical associations of the country, endowed by the General Education Board, and actually prosecuted by an Advisory Committee under the chairmanship of Dean West, of Princeton, assisted by eight co-operating Regional Committees. These auspices, without mention of the formidable list of assisting agencies outside the ranks of the

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Classical League, lend this classical investigation the prestige of finality: it is, by every presumption, the best the classical profession has to offer. But it is not very much. A critic versed in Latin might quote a certain not unfamiliar line from Horace upon the ratio of the mountain to the mouse. The report finds that the classics are holding their own—in terms of courses and enrollment. It finds that the students registered in classical courses do slightly better than their fellows in all their work, and admits that they represent the most literate section of the population anyhow. It finds that the scores made in Latin and Greek examinations are the highest on record, but suggests no question of the standards of grading. It finds also that classical teachers everywhere are deeply uneasy over the quality of the work they are doing, and recommends that they introduce special drills designed to obtain for students the precise benefits supposed to accrue from classical study—familiarity with classical civilization, acquaintance with English derivatives from classical languages, and the like.

In short, the confines of the classical investigation are rather narrow ones. The reason is not hard to find. It is a survey not of American education generally but of the study and teaching of the classics, especially Latin, in secondary schools. It has been conducted not by those responsible for the school system as a whole but by the classical profession. These limitations automatically exclude all the really important aspects of the situation. What our schools are they are chiefly because of conditions outside the schoolhouse, matters not subject to the discretion of the schoolmaster. To understand and control an educational condition so general that it affects the whole teaching profession one must step outside that profession and its jurisdiction and inquire what has altered in civilization at large to modify the basic functions of the school. This sounds like a tremendous task, but in reality it need not be particularly difficult. In the case of the classics it is particularly easy. If the committee of the Classical League has done nothing of the sort the reason is not the difficulty of the task but the peculiar psychological limitations of the professional mind.

The sanctions which regulate the schools, then, do not originate within the schoolhouse; the pedagogue receives them from the civilization in which his work, his life, the lives of all his pupils, their future employers, their parents and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, are cast. In all American schools the study of the English language is absolutely basic throughout the entire school course. This is not due to the fiat of autonomous school boards. The motive behind the emphasis is the spirit of nationalism itself, the animus of national, English-speaking solidarity. The pressure upon each individual pupil to master English is not the disciplinary force nor the salubrious influence for good of a chance teacher here and there. On the contrary, every social motive conspires to make the mastery of English desirable quite apart from the opinion of any teacher whatsoever. Very well; so much then for English.

What of Latin? First of all it is necessary to note that Latin has never stood in parity with English in our economy. Latin has never been the vernacular of the American people. At the time of its widest diffusion it touched only the small minority of the learned. At that time, during the first century of colonial history, Latin was in active use among the scholars of the (European) world as a medium of composition. The New Republic, had it been founded in 1614, would certainly have been conducted in part at least in Latin. At such a time all the learned professions as well as the very slightest "pretense to intellectual eminence" postulated a thorough reading knowledge of the Latin language. Greek was somewhat less important: divines had need of Greek because of the New Testament; scholars because of Greek philosophy and literature. But Greek was not actually in contemporary circulation, as Latin was. One could keep abreast of current political discussion without it, though not without Latin. The sanctions behind the study of Latin and Greek, therefore, in the earliest American schools were too obvious to require justification.

But this condition, which determined the character of the learning of those Puritan divines who were the first American scholars and teachers, was already passing away in Colonial times. By the end of the eighteenth century, when the public school system of America was commencing to be built, learned disputation in the Latin language had practically disappeared. But the classical tradition remained. For an explanation of the survival of classical learning beyond its contemporary usefulness it is not necessary to rely simply on the general theory of institutional survival. The facts of this specific case are obvious. Latin, and to a less extent Greek, had been but recently the actual tools of a certain social class. A thousand years earlier that class would have been limited to the clergy; the social upheavals of the centuries just elapsed, however, had brought literacy, even Latin literacy, to the whole class of gentlemen. This made all the difference. Latinity, in the eighteenth century, marked its possessor as a gentleman—not necessarily as a clergyman. Inevitably, therefore, its possession was desirable as a mark of social caste.

This cycle of causes and effects is most clearly observed in British life, where classes are more distinct and the classical tradition stronger. Until very recently it was possible for a man to embark upon a political career upon the basis of his proficiency in Greek. H. H. Asquith laid the foundation of his career at Oxford, as a classical prodigy and the favorite pupil of Benjamin Jowett. Gladstone was conspicuous in a highly ornamental parliament for the breadth and accuracy of his classical lore. But

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this correlation does not mean that a mastery of Greek produces at once in the breast of the scholar the qualities of statesmanship. Throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the British Parliament was a distinctly clubby affair. The social prestige attaching but recently to the letters M. P. derives not from the political rank of Parliamentary membership but its exclusiveness. Government, in England, has been the business of gentlemen. One hears of "old whig families" and "old tory families" which have not missed a cabinet member for some generations. Among the members of such families both Greek and political preferment have been the marks of authenticity. The classical prestige of Oxford and the social prestige of Parliament are two phases of the same phenomenon. Those cultivated critics of recent Parliaments who deplore the passing of the fine classical flavor of Parliamentary debate must not be understood as derogating merely the political acumen of the discussion; the real object of their scorn is its vulgarity. Common miners have taken seats as colleagues of the landed aristocracy.

Where social discriminations such as these prevail there is, indeed, a definite motive for classical study. The motive has changed since the time when a student of international affairs must needs know Latin to read the writings of the Dutch Van Groot. He must now possess a classical lore as the accepted decoration of the authentically cultivated man. But this motive, through the last century very strong in England, has never prevailed widely in the United States. The predominance of the pioneer has been too strong for the less blatant traditions of rooted gentility. And now that American life is reaching a stability upon which the assumption of European manners would be possible, the genteel tradition is passing in England and the continent, crowded out by the new virility of the Labor party. To be sure, there are in America some few hardy aristocrats, led perhaps by Paul Elmer More, who see the possibility of a classicized aristocracy in the United States. But whatever their prestige among dyed-in-the-Charles conservatives, their influence upon the country at large is precisely nil. American society is not reading Euripides at Palm Beach nor quoting Aeschylus at the Lake Placid Country Club. The best bred youth of Tulsa, Oklahoma, no less than that of Montclair, New Jersey, registers for Latin because its fathers did, just as it joins Kappa Beta Phi because its fathers did. One has just as much educational significance as the other. A certain national fraternity sings in all its chapter houses:

> And when our sons to college go, college go,
> We'll look them squarely in the eye, in the eye,
> And say to them the only Greek you have to know

is three letters of the Greek alphabet.

This, then, is the condition under which classical tuition is conducted in twentieth century America. That strange uneasiness which classical instructors feel about the results of their endeavors is due not to deficiencies in their material nor to any weakness of intellect in their profession, but to a general condition over which they have no control. No one outside the classical profession—not even the other teachers—expects American youth to master the classical languages. Every school child knows this. Furthermore, every teacher of the classics knows it. The very fact that his defense of his subject, once the prerequisite to common education, has now degenerated into a vague muttering about English derivatives is a sufficient self-revelation. The facts are too notorious for discussion. That is why the classical profession excludes them.

## Money and Votes

EVERYONE is tired of election post-mortems. The winners are well content to accept victory without examining its causes too closely; the losers are nursing their bruises indifferent to the details of the catastrophe. Yet there are some phases of the Republican victory on which additional light needs to be shed. The Senate Committee on campaign expenditures, of which Senator Borah is chairman, still exists. We believe it is highly desirable that it should meet at the earliest moment and continue its study of the amounts spent by the various parties in the campaign and particularly by the Republicans.

The hearings in Chicago and Washington prior to the election were confined almost entirely to the funds secured by the Republican National Committee. These funds, raised in the various states, were in part redistributed to those states; and it is generally assumed that they represent almost the total expediture. Final figures are not available, but the National Committee's total collections will prove not much in excess of four million dollars, about half the expenditure made to elect Harding in 1920.

But there were other campaign funds which did not pass through the hands of the National Committee at all. There were state, county and city collections, of the aggregate total of which no one has any accurate idea. To collect all these thousands of items would, of course, be an enormously difficult task, and one not to be justified unless there were good basis for a belief that some of these funds had been improperly contributed or expended. It should be comparatively easy, however, to make inquiry in those states and cities where the party's activities are known to have been concentrated. If the Republican managers are as guiltless of all wrong-doing as they asseverate, they ought to be the first to welcome the opportunity to have their innocence publicly established.

Another reason for turning the searchlight on the sources and amounts of contributions to the Republican war chest is the valuable revelation there contained as to an important current in our social his-

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tory. In 1920 Will Hays, as collector general, drew heavily on the representatives of big business; but he also levied on the customary political sources, small office holders and the like. A study of the books for 1924 will, we believe, reveal the fact that this campaign was financed almost entirely by big business and particularly by the tariff-protected industries of the northern Atlantic Seaboard. Call the roll of the great aggregations of capital—in banking, iron, steel, textiles, sugar, wool—and you have called the roll of the chief contributors to the Coolidge campaign fund. There is, of course, no violation of law in this fact, though in some states statutes which prohibit campaign contributions by corporations were undoubtedly evaded more or less equivocally. But it is a fact of decided interest and importance to the American people to realize how deep is the obligation of the incoming administration to this one group in the community. The business men who spent these millions to win the campaign are not in the habit of throwing their money away. It is doubtless true that most of them did not regard their contributions as a plain case of buying tariff immunity—the argument which was used in Pennsylvania almost in so many words. It is equally true that they expect a quid pro quo. And it is as certain as anything can be in this uncertain world that they will get it, during the next four years.

There are other aspects of the campaign less tangible but no less interesting; and it is a pity that the authority of the Borah Committee does not extend to considering them. One of these is the use of fear of unemployment by factory owners and managers to whip their employes into line. From various parts of the country come stories of working men and women who were told that plants would close down on Wednesday, November 5, if the Republicans were not returned to office. We do not need to point out the enormous difference between dishonorable coercion of this type and use of the familiar campaign argument that the election of the opposing party means hard times. If this practice was indulged in—and the stories regarding it are so widespread as to furnish strong presumptive evidence that they have some foundation—the country is entitled to know it, as a safeguard against the use of the same tactics four years hence.

Another campaign aftermath which is still in the stage of rumor, equally deserves to be brought out into the light of day. Washington, D. C., has been much agitated over reports that a number of well-known newspaper correspondents from the nation's capital had been secretly placed on the payroll of the Republican National Committee for the duration of the campaign, at very large weekly salaries. The facts appear to be decidedly less alarming than these reports imply. It is true that a small number of political writers worked with the Republican Committee and were paid for their services salaries which while not extravagant for the type of work done, were certainly liberal. It is a fairly familiar practice for a Washington correspondent to accept outside employment with which to augment his income, and the Republican National Committee is as legitimate an employer as any other. At the same time, there is an obvious anomaly in the spectacle of a political writer whose daily dispatches about the progress of the campaign are read by hundreds of thousands of persons unaware that he is being paid $400 or $500 a week by the Republican National Committee for services performed. The real sinners, however, would seem to be the newspapers themselves which do not pay their correspondents salaries large enough to obviate the necessity for outside employment, and are not sufficiently jealous of their own reputation and that of their representatives to prohibit such divided allegiance.

These are matters, of course, which the Borah Committee will hardly pursue. At the same time we believe there is ample evidence, in the general conditions described above as to collection and disbursement of funds, to justify a continuance of the investigation. We already have some idea of what Coolidgeism will cost the country. It is only fair that we should learn as well what it has cost those who paid for it. In particular, the country is entitled to know whether additional legislation is desirable before 1928 in order to minimize as much as possible the scandalous misuse of funds. The very fact of the Borah committee's existence has undoubtedly had a wholesome inhibitory effect this year. Clearly, future machinery of a similar sort ought to be provided by law, and not left to the casual whim of Congress. The suggestion has been made that an arbitrary limit ought to be put on the total any party is permitted to raise—a suggestion which on the whole would do more harm than good, though it would be possible and desirable to prohibit the expenditure of an undue proportion of the total in one state or district. More feasible is the proposal that the books be closed at least a fortnight before the election, no additional donations being accepted thereafter. At any rate, the subject is clearly one of importance, as to which the last word has by no means been said.

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# The Outlook for Progressivism in Politics

## I

DURING the last few weeks, the British and American peoples have at their national elections deliberately confided to their most conservative parties long and comparatively unhampered leases of power. The Liberals and Labor in Great Britain and the Democrats and Progressives in the United States are naturally much chagrined at this set-back. They have reason to be. The recent victories of the Republican and Tory parties present an unusual appearance of substantiality. In winning these victories the conservative parties called to their assistance electoral resources the potency of which neither they themselves nor their opponents have hitherto realized. They seem to have acquired, and in my opinion they really have acquired, a permanent advantage over their adversaries. They control, directly or indirectly, the immediate economic well-being of a large majority of the British and American peoples. Whenever their privileges are threatened, they insist on associating popular prosperity and the safety of the whole economic structure with the perpetuation of their own power; and they can scare millions of timid, ignorant and uneasy voters into agreeing with them. So far as I can see they cannot be dislodged, except temporarily and after some particularly conspicuous betrayal of national to private interests, so long as public opinion remains as credulous, suggestible, fearful and inconsiderate as it now is. Unless progressives in both countries understand the reason for their voting inferiority and subordinate their agitation for temporary political victory to an energetic and artful leavening of the processes and motives whereby public opinion is formed, they will remain permanently at a disadvantage.

The leaders of the British Labor party and of the American Progressives do not, I think, sufficiently understand the profound alterations in the conditions of party warfare which the increasing radicalism of their own program as compared to the program of a so-called liberal party has brought into being. Political contests in both countries during the last few generations have been waged between two parties, both of which were commanded by middle-class business and professional men, and neither of which has allowed questions of ultimate political and economic power to become the subject of partizan controversy. They both conceived democracy as the organization of government by popular consent which left the initiation of policy and consequently the real control of public and private business in the hands of people of their own class. Recently, however, with the growth of the Labor party in Great Britain and with the attempts in this country to form a farmer-labor party, political conflicts have begun to assume the form of the struggle of economic groups which are now excluded from initiative in the exercise of power to obtain a more positive function in the direction of public and private business. Democracy has for them come to mean the affirmative participation, as contrasted with negative consent, of the working class in the conduct of government.

As a consequence of this change in the nature of partizan conflicts and in the composition of the opposing social forces, the radical progressive parties of today suffer from handicaps which did not hamper their "liberal" predecessors. Organized society is almost unanimously arrayed against them. Opposed to them and impervious to ordinary assault is the dense, huge mass of conscious and unconscious lethargy, timidity, custom and officialism of a prosperous and complacent ruling class. Their opponents include the great majority of administrators who are most capable of operating the existing political and business mechanism. In struggling to realize a progressive program they cannot count, as could the progressives of fifty years ago, on the assistance of the business man, the success of whose private enterprises was substituting a middle class of traders for the gentry or the farmers as the dominant class in the community. Neither can they count, as their predecessors could, on the aid of an increasingly powerful body of engineers and technical experts. The only economic interest to which they can appeal is that of the workers, but this interest has to be made conscious of itself by arousing in the workers an understanding of what they lose by the present class organization of society and what they might gain by an enhancement of the opportunities and the power of labor. The atmosphere in which the ordinary activities of industry or politics are conducted obscures rather than utilizes and defines the interest of the workers in the improvement of their own status. All their gains have to be achieved by conscious effort. The workers are at present more aware of their own dependence for immediate well-being upon their economic superiors than they are of the promised land which they may enter by the road of political and economic self-assertion.

These are grave disabilities to impose on any party which is engaged in a rough and tumble struggle to defeat an enemy, and political psychology being what it is, they will not be accepted by the Labor party in Great Britain or a farmer-labor party here

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without the utmost reluctance and repeated backslidings. Those progressives who propose to improve in minor ways the present exercise of political and economic power without challenging its distribution will seek to persuade the radicals that the latter are by their stiff-necked attitude betraying a common cause. They will advertise the glorious victories which together they might win if the radicals will only put aside their vision of industrial and social democracy and join with them in keeping the conservatives out of office and in accomplishing by legislation immediately possible reforms which do not raise any alarming question of power. And the radical progressives themselves will naturally wonder whether, if they are to be excluded from office for apparently such a large part of the time, they would not do well either to become more accommodating in their strategy or to abandon politics altogether and to accomplish their purpose exclusively by improved economic organization—that is, by the direct action of powerful economic groups.

In my opinion they will betray their cause either if they become too accommodating or if they abandon political agitation. Their most important task will undoubtedly be to arouse their own comrades and public opinion to a livelier vision of possibilities of conscious human fulfillment and the dependance of such fulfillment upon the observant participation by the working classes in responsible public and private activities. But for this very reason they cannot abandon political agitation. Discouraging as it may be in itself, it is necessarily a part of public education in a democracy. Clear-sighted progressives should continue political agitation and the promotion of labor or farmer-labor parties, but they should do so without illusions as to the immediacy of the rewards and the obstinacy of handicaps which will dog their efforts. Their success will not be measured by the amount of operative progressive legislation which they pass during their occasional periods of office. It will be measured by their ability to precipitate issues and start ferments in British and American public opinion which will broaden and intensify the present limited demand for intellectual honesty, moral integrity and humane ideals in politics. The increasing energy of such ferments will accomplish a more radical and a more permanent transformation of social behavior than a victorious progressive party could accomplish by even a prolonged occupation of the seats of government. For an increasingly strenuous and enlightened public opinion will gradually force the conservatives themselves to move towards the redistribution of power and the regeneration of social values which, if carried on in spite of their opposition, they would successfully oppose and denounce as disastrous to the public safety and welfare.

## II

If the agitation in favor of a more progressive democratic social economy in this country is itself to progress, it is time for radicals to take stock of their resources and difficulties and to steer a shrewder course. They have undertaken the task of overcoming or outwitting the active or passive opposition of almost everybody who occupies positions of responsibility, power and profit in the society of today. I was staggered and chastened by watching during the recent campaign the inexorable action of conformist motives upon well-to-do people of sincerely progressive convictions. To have declared for La Follette would have meant for most of them either the abandonment of their existing work or its future carrying on under suspicion and grave handicaps. For one reason or another they found it impossible to desert their own class, and they rationalized their decision more or less candidly, speciously or elaborately according to the habit of their minds. People in this position will continue to conform. Progressives may attract unusually independent or visionary recruits from their ranks, but on the whole this formidable opposition will persist. The conservatives for a long time will be able to dispose of the whole prestige and influence of society in order to prevent progressives from dispossessing them by orderly means. There seems to be only one practicable alternative. If the gulf between a property-owners' and a workers' society is ever to be bridged without violence and by consent, progressives must reconcile themselves to watching the conservatives build at least its foundations. The latter must not only consent to the building of this bridge, but they must actively participate in its construction.

It will be the first impulse of the majority of progressives to denounce this alternative as either a fantastic illusion or as an obnoxious backsliding from the progressive faith. They are accustomed to envisage a conservative party as essentially a maleficent political agency which it is their chief business to defeat and conservatism as the irreconcilable enemy of progressivism. In holding and acting on these opinions they are taking their own party propaganda too seriously. The peculiar interests of progressivism, unlike the peculiar interests of conservatism, do not demand the exclusion of their opponents from political office. Intelligent conservatives have reason to fear what a radical progressive party may try to accomplish should it win an election, but a progressive party has far less reason to fear what victorious conservatism may do. Conservatism, in the sense both of reaction and immobility, is already a lost cause. It has been tried too often and found wanting. The only course which conservatives can pursue, if confronted by an alert and radical opposition, is to "dish" their opponents. Their very fears and responsibilities prepare and oblige them to make concessions to progressivism rather than surrender power. Even though they concede very little, the devising of adequate concessions will tend to relieve their congested minds. As a consequence of their own acts, they will gradually adjust their feelings to a world in

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which progressive projects are salutary. Moral exhortations or partizan propaganda would be impotent to convert them. They must be converted, if at all, by a leaven which originates and ferments inside their own heads; and the leaven can be secreted only by virtue of social and political activities which imply on the part of their authors a more considerate and watchful attitude towards the consequences of their class interests.

It is an essential part of the business of radical progressivism to convince conservatives out of the vicissitudes of their actual experience in operating the existing system that more or less radical changes are needed in its organization and conduct. If the progressive analysis of the defects of modern industrialism is correct, the task is easier than it looks. Modern civilization, so the radicals believe, is passing through a period of instability and disintegration. The governments of the industrial nations are confronted by an array of domestic and international problems which cannot be quieted by the old cheap and superficial expedients. The failure of certain parts of the mechanism of national and international manufacture and trade to work as well as they once did gives birth to those problems; and this failure has a tendency to impair the productivity of the system and to intensify competition among the several classes for an undiminished or increased share of the proceeds. The class conflict, implicit in an unregenerate industrialism, will steadily become more fierce and determined than it has been. It is the inevitable result of the indifference of existing industrial processes to the vital needs of the human beings whose co-operation is necessary to its success.

Such being from his point of view the general situation, a radical progressive need not for the present be disconcerted by his comparative political impotence. He may even smile with grim satisfaction at the prospective difficulties and dangers which his conservative opponents will encounter in piloting capitalism through the troubled waters of the next thirty years. The system is *not* bankrupt, as the socialists declare. It is still a going concern, enormously serviceable and with many valuable unexhausted reserves. Yet its liabilities threaten to exceed its assets, and a receivership may in the end be necessary. The only people who can reorganize it without throwing it into temporary bankruptcy are its privileged owners. They, rather than its creditors, should consequently continue to operate it, but they should operate it under pressure from its creditors to cure those defects in its organization and policy which are responsible for its precarious condition. The business of labor and farmer-labor parties is to apply that pressure.

Progressives should realize that provided the American nation remains on the whole a democracy, a radical farmer-labor party has much more to gain than it has to lose by a consolidation of the opposition into a conservative party which represents all the vested interests of the community. Such a party cannot maintain, as the Republicans now do, the absurd doctrine that industrial society depends for its survival upon disparaging and prohibiting the process of conscious collective readjustment. At the moment the conservatives are alarmed (and not unjustifiably alarmed) at the discrepancy between the scope of the proposed readjustments and the rudimentary technique which a worker's party is able to bring to the task; but their alarm will subside with an increasing sense of their political prowess and the security which it confers on what they own and value. Although it is possible that their political preponderance will go to their heads and tempt them into excesses, it is more probable that, combined with the continued threat of a really radical alternative to their domination, they will become more open-minded about the defects of their government, and feel more responsible for bringing about obviously necessary readjustments. Some such result has already taken place in Great Britain. The Conservative party in that country is now composed of much the same economic ingredients as the Liberal party of the last century—that is, of successful business and professional men, their descendants and dependents. The present Prime Minister recently characterized his party as that of orderly progress. Its program of legislation includes several items which, if proposed in this country, would seem to the ordinary Republican politician or business man as abominations of radicalism. This is the perfectly natural result of the increased responsibility which under vigorous democratic political pressure, a thoroughly and consciously conservative party would come to feel and actively to assume.

If, as a consequence of these altered motives, the conservative party assumed, as it should, in the interest of conservatism responsibility for immediately necessary readjustments, a "liberal" party would cease to have any function. The policy of the conservative party would not differ essentially from that of the right wing of the former liberals. A majority of those people who called themselves liberals in politics would associate themselves with the conservatives, and the conservative party would benefit enormously from such recruits. It would have acquired a much more sensitive and exacting conscience which would safeguard it against the pigheadedness and arrogance which successful conservatism has a tendency to produce. In fact the addition of this liberal yeast to the conservative dough would be equivalent to the setting up in this party of a cost accounting system which would record and measure the collective conduct of the party. Liberalism is fundamentally an inquisitive state of mind which watches activities in the hope of learning enough by its watchfulness to improve the way in which the processes are carried on. It is compatible with a strong conservative bias in favor of the existing distribution of social power. A somewhat liberalized conservative party might devise

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and put into effect much useful progressive legislation. It would be the appropriate agency to create for the purpose a department of social engineering.

Should these expectations be justified, the substitution of a radical workers' party for a "liberal" party as the official opposition to the conservatives will enormously strengthen the political machinery of social readjustment. When they are opposed by a "liberal" middle-of-the-road party, conservatives do not need to accept any responsibility for progressive legislation. Their battle is won in advance. The only two possible political alternatives presented to public opinion by the major parties are doing nothing at all and doing nothing much. But as soon as a safe "liberal" alternative is extinguished, and a steady threat exists of the passing of government to a radical opposition, the Conservatives themselves would have to shoulder the responsibility for ordinary social and political reform. Conservatism in the sense of obstructionism will cease to have any organized representation in politics, and in so far as this reformist conservatism broke down, the official alternative would be an experimental lurch in the direction of radical progressivism.

A conservative party of this kind instead of being the antithesis of a progressive party would serve as its complement without ceasing to be its rival. Conservatism and progressivism would not be two mutually exclusive political creeds one of which is right and true, the other wrong and false. They would be two competitive but interdependent approaches to the business of operating government, one of which emphasizes the more immediate realities of politics and the other the more remote. A conscious democracy would judge them by their fruits. It would try out both, each in an appropriate time, to find out what kind of fruit they bear. Its development and even its safety as a democracy would depend on committing itself to neither but on cultivating a considerate, alert and indefatigably discontented public opinion which would enable it to pass judgment on the records of both.

Conservatives and radicals each like to believe that their party represents an enlightened public interest while the party of their adversaries represents a selfish or disorderly private interest. The fact is, of course, that they both represent the interests of different social classes, one of which includes most of those people who benefit or think that they benefit from the existing institutions of society, and the other representing most of the people who would benefit or think they would benefit from a society in which welfare was not supposed to depend so much on wealth. This conservative interest is most efficiently protected by a party which seeks conscientiously to do away with any friction in the operation of the social mechanism, which will bestow on all or many more human beings the opportunities, the capabilities and in part the responsibilities which are now reserved for a few. The objects of conservative statesmanship are capable of early and inexpensive realization. On the other hand, a radical party represents more remote and questionable objects which cannot be realized without a belief in a new vision of the possibilities of human nature, a more trustworthy knowledge of how it behaves, and the invention of an improved technique of individual and social education.

Obviously conservatives of this kind must have an advantage over radicals of this kind in carrying on government. They may and frequently do throw away this advantage by bourbonism, but conservatism is not necessarily bourbon. In so far as it becomes conscious and wide-awake, it tends to give up its rigidity and irresponsibility. The radicals, on the contrary, do not at present know enough to carry on the government of an industrial state without recognizing and confirming the impoverished vision of human nature which capitalism assumes. Their job is not to take over government as it must now be, but by their increasing strength to force on the attention of conservatives human value which society disparages and neglects—and which must be vindicated by the conscious self assertion of the people whose welfare depends on work.

Parties which are responsible for carrying government are coerced by the conditions under which their power is exercised into taking short views and into seeking and demanding results in cash. The London agreement whereby Ramsay MacDonald and Herriot started the Dawes plan in operation affords a clear example of the dubious concessions which a labor party feels obliged to accept when it undertakes to govern a distracted and opportunist industrial society. The Dawes plan was presented to the public as a piece of scientific economic machinery which would successfully extract the largest possible amount of reparations from Germany without causing revolution or ruin in that country. It was really a temporary political expedient designed by the British to induce the French government to relax its economic control of the Ruhr. It succeeded, in this respect, but its success depended on deceiving the French people as to their probable future receipts under the arrangement, upon the certainty of a powerful and effective legal and moral protest on their part as soon as facts undeceive them, and on the indefinite perpetuation of an extremely low standard of living for the German worker. As a responsible politician, Mr. MacDonald may well have flinched from the consequences of wrecking the agreement by communicating the truth to the French people and by insisting on scruples about the welfare of the German worker. Government usually consists in choices of this kind between two evils, and it is better from the progressive point of view to let conservative rather than Labor parties assume responsibility for them. A Labor party will lose its moral integrity in so far as Labor governments are obliged to undertake acts of statesmanship which are essentially desperate de-

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vices to dodge a problem for a few years in the hope that when it comes up again the condition of public opinion will make it easier to handle. It may have to consent to such expedients, but it cannot itself frame and operate them without tarnishing the vividness of its peculiar social vision and diminishing its ability to translate that vision into an operative political and economic mechanism.

Yet under existing conditions a policeman's government is more or less necessary, and if a labor or farmer-labor party is to provide a living alternative to conscious and completely organized conservatism, it must, of course, be willing in emergencies to assume its equivocal and demoralizing responsibilities. I am not arguing that a labor or farmer-labor party should abandon competition with a conservative party for the control of government. I am only arguing that they cannot really control government but will find themselves controlled by its exigencies unless they can give energy and clarity to the atmosphere of human values in which government is carried on. Their most formidable enemy is not organized and conscious conservatism. Such conservatism is only the natural defense mechanism of a society which is more conscious of its deficiencies than it is of the satisfactory remedies. Their most formidable adversaries are first the stubborn limitations of the existing economic and social system which are created by and confirm the existing disabilities of human nature, and secondly the lack of a sufficiently alert, conscious and educated body of workers. The main object of a radical party is to bring into existence a body of workers who do not consent to their existing inferiority of status and have equipped themselves to take their appropriate share in a regenerate political and economic government. A worker's party usually cannot safely participate in government as it is, without seeking at the same time to transform it; and workers cannot transform it without depending on their conservative opponents to devise an improved technique of social engineering and without educating themselves to transcend the handicaps of their economic status. Their kingdom, if they are ever to possess a kingdom, must be established in the mind before it can begin to subdue the unmanageable engine of political government to its purposes. As yet they have made little headway in emancipating popular opinion from its delusions, its fears and its cheap values; and until they do they must expect to be for the most part excluded from power.

It should be added that the foregoing estimate of the comparative vitality and peculiar functions of conservative and progressive parties is derived more from the facts of British politics than it is from the facts of American politics. Our own Republicans are still far from being conscientious conservatives. They are likely under their present leadership to remain obstructionist and self-satisfied and unnecessarily to imperil their popularity and prestige by refusing or fumbling immediately necessary reforms. In that case, the Democrats will try to come back as a "liberal" party whose business it is to unite all good progressives in the task of capturing the government from the Republicans. The issues of the next presidential election may shape themselves in this way; and an effective Republican coalition may or may not be formed and may or may not be victorious. Yet although the Democratic party in this country is far from being as devitalized as the Liberal party in Great Britain, it will, if the two party system survives, suffer from an analogous process of emasculation. A party of radical progressivism, which serves to transform the human values implicit in existing capitalism by the redistributing of the exercise of political and economic power, is as clearly called for by the democratic impulse in America as it is in Great Britain. In so far as it comes, the Democratic party will be superfluous. The radicals can never be satisfied with a "liberal" program which aims merely at reforming a few of the glaring abuses of capitalism without challenging either its human values or its distribution of power. On the other hand, there is no reason why "liberal" Democrats should not affiliate themselves with a Republican party whose conservatism had become, as it surely will, somewhat more conscious and intelligent. In the end, they will probably vote Republican, just as they did in such large numbers last November. In both English speaking countries industrialism is spreading at a rate and under conditions which are destined to create the same radical protestantism on the part of its non-beneficiaries and the same formidable fortifications on the part of its beneficiaries.

HERBERT CROLY.

## Distant Music

Far now from you, dear love, I know
How well you build from bow and strings,
Framing the melodies that flow
From your beloved minstrel kings.

But now the strings are mute, your hands
Are still, the bow is laid aside:
I see you searching out the lands
Whence love beats back to you full-tide.

And standing so you are the birth
Of all the themes that you rewake
Brahms and Beethoven bade the earth
Blossom in music for your sake.

Now falls your phrasing from afar,
Telling how they divined of old—
You cease, and on the moment are
The cause of all that you have told.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

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# Impressions of America

I WISH I could tell you what America is like, for it is the greatest show in the world. But I cannot. I cannot even tell you what New York is like, for I sampled not one hundredth part of its contents. Yet I lived there for three months, and I ran about all day and most of the night, trying to get on terms with it. I have chased its personality all 'round the town. I've been all over Manhattan Island, the oblong of mud and sand into which are driven the deep, deep foundations of New York. I've been down to the Assyrian quarter by the harbor, where dark men in little shops sell cart wheel rounds of pastry that look like coils of blonde hair, so fine drawn are the threads of paste. I've been up to the Bronx, where along a road magniloquently called The Concourse (magniloquently but not extravagantly, for it is in fact magnificent) apartment houses rise to incredible heights in what would be Roman grandeur were it not for the innumerable fire-escapes that mar them as projecting teeth mar even the handsomest women. I've walked for hours along Riverside Drive, which wanders for mile after mile on the steep edge of the island, past crazy Rhenish castles built in the good old days when the American millionaire had the courage of his convictions and apartment houses of far more than Roman grandeur whose inhabitants must feel gorgeous but chilly, chilly beyond even the ministrations of steam heat, for the Hudson River that winds past is flecked with ice-floes half the winter through. I've been to the other edge of Manhattan, to the East River, that is as smutty as our Pool of London, that carries on her gray bosom islands that have a queer look of being not only between shores but between worlds; and that has on its banks the oddest patches of pretty little red brick houses with sash bow-windows and lawns guarded by lead Cupids and all that can be transported of our Chelsea air.

I have been to millionaires' houses which were like young mansions, and where the parties stretched into remote perspectives. I have been to a gypsy home on the East Side, a cellar with walls hung with gaily colored bunting, furnished only with an electric cooking stove, an extremely expensive gramophone, and two throne-like chairs upholstered in blue and silver brocade, on which grandfather and grandmother sat while the younger generation lay round on cushions on the floor, in the gypsy costumes into which they had changed after coming home from their work in the factory or garage or department store. I have been down to Chinatown, in Pell Street and Mott Street, and found the little yellow men cooking opium over braziers at the back of their shops. I have gone regularly on Sunday mornings to Harlem to sit in a church built to a Negro's plan by Negroes' money, and heard the colored choir praise the Lord in sweet, humble, suffering songs that appeared to me more relevant to the Christian faith than any church music I have ever heard, even at St. Peter's in Rome. This, and much more, have I done.

I am giving, of course, no picture of any coherent New York life. But then it is not coherent; its essence is to be, all the time and every time, contradictory. For example, it is the most exciting city in the world to the eye, and it is also the most monotonous. There is but one end of the island which has escaped the curse of the rectangular lay-out of streets and that is right "down town" by the harbor, a district which has something of the look and charm of old Brighton or old Southend. Above its antique simplicities of low houses, crooked streets, and round greens there rise the sky-scrapers of Wall Street and the neighboring business centres. They are making an astonishing revelation of new beauty to the English eye. Before one has been in America one is apt to think of the skyscraper as the most prosaic form of architecture, and so it is in the smaller cities; the big buildings of a town in Illinois or Kansas look like magnified petrol-cans. But these New York sky-scrapers are different. They have, unexpectedly enough, a religious quality. They are more angular than pagan temples, more stolid than cathedrals, but there is no doubt that the men who built them believed themselves no less than the architects of the temples and the cathedrals to be housing some sacred ideals of life. For these are the homes of "big business," the financial and commercial interests which control America; and about "big business" the mass of Americans feel just such a glow of feeling as the old-fashioned English feel about their Army and their Navy. As well as this religious dignity of form the sky-scrapers have a magical beauty of material for they offer so large a surface to the reflection of light and shade that they cease to present the solid appearance of masonry and seem to be of a living substance like that of flowers. Seen from the bay they look like a cluster of lilies. It is perhaps of symbolic significance that these lily-like houses have so much steel in their composition that it affects the ships' compasses in the harbor.

No, there can be no complaint against the sky-scraper. It makes the two great streets of New York, Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue, rank high among the wonders of the world. Fifth Avenue begins down town in Washington Square which has a quaint Bloomsbury touch about it, and a little brother of the Marble Arch called the Washington Arch. Among these homely English associations it starts modestly enough with old-fashioned stone houses, rather like the Earls Court houses. But with every hundred yards the child grows taller and

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taller, and less like anything that England ever imagined. It becomes in its midmost and finest phase, a chasm between cliffs that rise up and up into the high inspired sunshine. At the base of the mountains of masonry walk crowds of people who are exhilarated as if they breathed high mountain air; for the atmosphere of New York, which is so full of electricity that you may give yourself a shock if you draw your hand along the brass rail of your bed, runs like wine in its people's veins. The end of Fifth Avenue, where it runs alongside Central Park, is of a less democratic splendor. The prancing crowds wear thin, and the greenery is faced by a white cliff, now high, now low, of millionaires' houses and apartment houses, that makes our own Park Lane seem a dowdy little business.

Park Avenue, which runs parallel to Fifth Avenue, excels it in magnificent excess of topless towers. It is a very wide street with a strip of rock running down the middle of it, and on each side an even more astonishing range of sky-scrapers rising to fantasies of form as wild as mountain peaks. For many of them are recently built apartment houses, and they have had to conform to what is known as the Zoning Law which in order to prevent the streets of New York from becoming sunless canyons decrees that every building shall diminish its girth by so many feet when it attains certain heights. It starts on ground-level a solid fortress; after more stories than most English buildings have in their final achievement it has to fall back from its parapets and continue less massively from its own roof thereafter, at increasingly frequent intervals, it has to fall back and rise again in some slenderer form. This problem of diminution sets the architect a problem which he has solved very frequently with the most poetic invention. In Lexington Avenue, just beside Park Avenue, there is a vast apartment house that rears its dark masses like the Pyramids; I think there can have been no such fine mystery making with piles of old stone since Egypt. In Forty-second Street, which is something like our Oxford Street, there is an office building which with a perfect simplicity of form, with nothing but deep groovings of its walls, and clean cut spires, contrives to give the emotion of a Gothic cathedral. In Fifth Avenue there is another whose high gables and weather-cock give it the jolliest Nuremberg Hans-Christian-Anderson look. And Madison Avenue, which is not one of New York's most successful streets, for it is too narrow, and its spirit is for some reason a little grey and discouraged, is nevertheless one of the sights of the world by reason of a certain building which story by story is shaped by an increasingly rich and strange fancy till on its heights it is transformed to an Arabian Night's palace of domes and minarets. There is certainly no unity, no homogeneousness about New York architecture; but if there were that would be a fault, for it would make it inappropriate to the city which of all capitals in the world is the most heterogeneous. It is the largest Irish city in the world, and the largest Jewish, and there is no people in the world that have not sent it a sizeable contingent. That its buildings should derive from the dreams of different peoples is therefore very suitable; and that liberty of derivation seems to have brought real inspiration to their buildings. On its architecture alone America can claim to be one of the greatest artistic nations of the world.

Nevertheless though New York can dazzle the eye with richness it can fatigue it with monotony. For such a really wealthy city there are surprisingly few fine streets. There is Fifth Avenue, there is Park Avenue, there are the streets facing Central Park; there is Riverside Drive; there is the not wholly satisfactory Madison Avenue; there is Fifty-seventh Street, the very disappointing equivalent of Dover Street, where the smartest dressmakers are; and that is practically all. Broadway is wonderful when it is using the night as backcloth for its dazzling pageant of electric signs, when fountains of white light and peacocks swishing tails of colored fire put out the strongest stars. But by day it is a rather dingier Strand and Fleet Street without St. Clement Dane's or St. Paul's Cathedral. Nearly all the lesser streets than these, even in the prosperous residential districts, are tedious to the European eye. Such space-eating things as gardens are forbidden on this narrow island, so there is nothing that corresponds to our St. John's Wood and Campden Hill, and though the architects do their best to put enough character into the homes to make up for the lack of gardens, it is difficult for any street to achieve character as a whole because of this ghastly system of drawing parallel lines from north to south and intersecting them with other parallel lines drawn from east to west. It is dull work walking among parallelograms. And it must be admitted too that many of the streets are not only monotonous but mean. A surprising deal of New York is like the drearier parts of Camden Town. Some of the main avenues are indescribably gloomy, for they are lined with squalid little shops and made dark and noisy by the elevated railway which runs above the roadway on gaunt iron pillars, and the streets that cross them, as they run towards the "down town" region, are sordid rows of high grim tenements hideous with ricketty fire-escapes. The surface of the road is amazing for such a city. I know many forms of real work that are less exhausting than sitting in a taxi that is rodeoing its way across unfashionable New York. Indeed, if one were to judge New York by her exterior one might think her the poorest instead of the richest of capitals.

It is one of the paradoxes of the paradoxical city that she looks poor just because she is so rich. America has got her wealth through the development of private enterprise. She has not like us had a long childhood during which we had to obey the state as a child obeys its mother, if we were to keep

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our nation together against the perils of civil war and invasion, and during which we therefore became partially socialized in our outlook. Her pioneers, of course, passed through such a phase, but their descendants are out-numbered by latercomers, and their traditions have little effect on the social mind as a whole. Modern America requires more than anything else the multiplication and consolidation of her industries. The mass of American citizens has no experience and little knowledge of any state of affairs but one in which a citizen best serves the public interest by promoting his private interests. They are therefore individualist to a degree that astonishes the European. One of the results of this is that they really grudge spending much money and attention on anything that is for the public use. There is, for example, nothing in Central Park like the Flower Walk in Kensington Gardens or the parterre round the Achilles Statue in Hyde Park. It is a perfectly good park; it is indeed very beautiful, with its crags and bricks and lakes; I know nothing more lovely than to cross it on a winter's evening, when the lamp posts spill yellow circles on the blue-white snow, and the stars shine dimly from the black mirror of the frozen waters, and the sky-scrapers stand round like vast honeycombs of light. But there is no effort to make the place a good show, to make it a work of art. The American simply could not feel the pride in a public place that makes this sort of thing worth doing.

That it is not due to slackness or want of preference for fine and orderly things, but simply and solely to individualism is proven when one passes from the New York exterior to the New York interior. Amazing contrast! I do not believe that since the world began there have ever been such spotless, shining homes as these, so clean, so comfortable, so full of beautiful and wisely chosen things. Tidy they are to a degree that shames the English housewife. Partly this is due to the strange fact that though servants are much scarcer than they are in England, and demand from double to five times the wages, they do far more work. A house with two servants in America is better kept both as regards the service of meals and the orderliness of the rooms than a house with five in England. The parquet floors are glass-smooth; the curtains are invariably crisp as if they had come that day from the cleaning; the silver and the crystal on the table is brilliant as if it was the sole care of a superbutler, and the linen is fairy-fine; the bedrooms are as decorative and as apparently undisturbed by use as stage bedrooms; and the bathrooms . . . One needs a special style of the Apocalyptic to describe the American bathroom. In extreme cases it turns into a young Turkish bath. I am describing now a middle-class house or apartment, but the working class home as it is seen in the modern tenement and apartment houses has at least the same ideals. Its principal room is probably rather larger than a hat-box, but the plumbing and fittings are sure to be admirable. To the returned traveler the average English home seems a horrid cave.

And it ought to be noticed that this house is not maintained in its perfection like the French home by any policy of immolation of the female on the altar of domesticity and exclusion of the stranger. The American woman is far less tied to her home than the Englishwoman. She will be out of her house at eleven, not to do the shopping, but to hear some lecture on current affairs or foreign policy; she will stay out all day till half an hour before dinner, and then preside over a dinner party that looks as if she must have spent all day concentrating on its perfection. And her home is constantly flooded by the high tides of her hospitality. She loves to fill it with guests and give them a "gay party." And her hospitality is real. It is not merely a desire for social display, it is a genuine and beautiful desire to give happiness on one's hearth. Strangers who meet one in the train and know nothing of one save that she is a foreigner traveling in a strange land entertain her as lavishly as hostesses who are under the delusion that she is a celebrity. There is one curious difference between American and English hospitality. In England one would suspect that people did not like one if they habitually asked one to parties of over a dozen people; one would think it was a sign that they did not desire any more intimate acquaintance. But an American hostess considers that she is insulting a guest if she does not ask hordes of people to meet her. More than once in New York I have met some one with whom I got on very well, and have subsequently been elated to receive an invitation to tea; and on the day named have set out in my second best hat in the hope of spending an hour in quiet conversation; but have found when I got there that I was "guest of honor" at a tea-party to which over fifty people had been invited. The result is that New York, paradoxical in this as in everything else, is at once the most hospitable of cities, and one of the hardest places in the world to get to know people. There is in the atmosphere a restlessness, a swirling vivacity, which makes the people of New York find pleasure in movement rather than in concentration. When the more stolid Britisher goes to one of these parties she is apt to feel like some one standing on the shore of a lake while a flock of beautiful birds wheel crying around her. The American women, who always look very swift and graceful in motion, because of the slenderness of their wrists and ankles, dart up to one and deliver shrill, sharp, surprising comments, often flattering opinions of one's appearance, which are, if one is honest, much more delightful than embarrassing. If they think you have beautiful eyes, or that you dress well, they will say so; and they will dart away, while others dart up to take their place. This goes on and on, hour after hour, and yet the women never get haggard with

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fatigue, just as the men who are with them never seem to want to stop dancing.

This, as all other manifestations of the vitality which is the essence of New York's personality, is entrancing. It is a real and splendid thing. Its uniqueness you will realize when you consider the astonishing fact of the New York dance halls. There are, counting big and little, counting infamous cellars where the chief furniture is moonshine whiskey and palaces of shining floors and marvelous music and cabaret shows, over six hundred of them. They are crammed with people who dance till one, two, three, even four in the morning. Now remember practically all American men go to work and many of the richest women, and that office hours begin an hour to an hour and a half earlier than in England. At some of these dancing halls, and those among the largest and pleasantest, there are only people who are obviously under the necessity of holding down jobs with the carefulness of the thoroughly subordinate. They do not wear evening dress. They will certainly have to be punctual in the morning. Yet they dance to all hours. You will find this vitality among all classes and all races; among the Jews and Central Europeans and Slavs who live by night, after they have done a hard day's work, a complete Continental life such as in their native countries they would live in the daytime; among the Negroes, who live the most intensely active social life in their suburb of Harlem and who also have to do that only after they have satisfied their exigent employers. And it is a vitality that does not expend itself on pleasure alone. It stretches up its hand and throws effortlessly to the stars these stone buildings that the human mind has not had the vision to conceive nor the power to build until New York stimulated mankind with its magic. It turns the common things of life to unimaginable beauty. Among the loveliest things I have ever seen in my life, comparable to the pillars of the Mosque at Cordova, are certain low towers that are built at intervals all down Fifth Avenue to show the green and red signals that control the traffic. They are cunningly built after a design which would never have occurred to the modern European mind, but which have a strange look of old Rome. They look like the ritual torches of the Republic, symbols of the sacred fire of nationalistic passion. Such things American vitality is always doing. There is no knowing what it will do in the future. I have registered a vow that for the rest of my life I will visit New York at least once every five years.

REBECCA WEST.

# The Dawes Plan and the Peace of Europe

IN the discussions of the Dawes plan on this side of the Atlantic, the one factor most entitled to consideration seems to have been the factor most overlooked. This is the point that administration of the plan in accordance with the concept of its framers constitutes a standing threat to the peace of Europe. Without desiring to be sensational, one is driven by the logic of the facts. It is true that we enter an area of non-exact forces; we deal with men and their endurance and motives; but men, like steel, have a breaking point, which, though not capable of precise ascertainment, nevertheless can be gauged within limits. Industry and politics alike have to take account of this breaking point.

The plan contemplates placing the Allied governments virtually in the position of capital creditors of German industry with certain management rights. This is achieved by imposing mortgages upon German industrial property in favor of the reparations account replacing, in substance, the pre-war private mortgages, bonds and obligations, which were wiped out by demonetizing the mark; and by giving the plan agent discretionary powers in assessment of German internal taxes. The return by way of revenue from both of these sources depends on maintaining an efficiency and production power at least equal to that now existing; this in turn requires maintenance of the industrial structure on the present lines. Granted that the present structure were soundly built and humanly satisfactory, the concept would have much to justify it. The facts warrant no such assumption.

Labor stability on the one hand, and capital organization on the other represent the two major factors in industrial production. Both are needed to produce; where, as in Germany, the production must meet bitter foreign competition, notably from England, the highest effectiveness of both must be assured. German industry has been meeting that competition for the past two or three years with such apparent ease that it was perhaps natural for the Dawes plan framers to assume that the efficiency making this possible would continue. In fact, however, the competition was apparent rather than real. The period of inflation made it possible for German industry to produce and compete, not by superior effectiveness and organization, but by dissipating its capital; exchange conditions made it possible to sell

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goods, actually below cost; the constantly depreciating mark permitted the loss to be charged, not to the industrial operation, but to the holders of obligations—the small rentier, investor and bondholder whose holdings could be and were made to vanish. Without explaining the process at length it may be said that capital charges—bond interest, amortization and the like—and floating indebtedness of every industry diminished week by week to nothing as the currency in which these were payable turned to worthless paper; relieved of this important item of cost German goods could be sold at a price covering labor, material and processing to compete with anyone. The situation could last—and did last—only as there was a currency situation permitting the virtual elimination of repayment charge. This explains, among other things, why the small investor class in Germany—which there as elsewhere supplies the great bulk of industrial capital—almost ceased to exist.

December, 1923, brought a sudden end to this state of affairs. Mark inflation had run its dizzy course; the unit had become worthless; a halt was called; a new mark—sometimes called "rentenmark" but actually equal to ten forty-seconds of an American dollar (the old gold-mark rate of exchange)—came into existence, and all obligations thereafter were incurred and had to be paid on that basis. Overnight, competition at the expense of existing capital creditors or floating creditors ceased. There was still a margin of advantage in the German industrialists. Their capital creditors and interest charges were out of the way. This margin the Dawes plan framers propose to annex for the benefit of the reparations account, constituting, as has been remarked, mortgages upon German industries whose interest and amortization will accumulate in the reparations balance for the plan agent to transmit to the Allies as and how he can. The scheme looks simple enough. Unfortunately it leaves out of account the fact that something else had happened in the meantime. The German government, through its own tax policy had more than appropriated this margin of advantage on its side; and the German industrialists had effectively forced the burden back upon the German workman, imposing on them a condition which forms perhaps the gravest element in the whole situation.

Whereas elsewhere throughout the world, workmen have been in general better off after the war than before, in Germany they are decidedly worse off. A metal worker in 1913 averaged between forty-two and forty-three gold marks per week. After the war, as inflation set in, the mark-figure now calculated in paper, climbed from hundreds to thousands, to millions, and then to astronomic figures. In December, 1923, when the dance of the milliards came to an end, his pay was stabilized once more in gold marks—at 31 marks 44 pfennigs—just three-quarters of his old wage. Living costs meanwhile had risen; based on index, his wage was worth about 64 percent of its pre-war value. Other industries follow much the same course, some faring a little better, others worse. The building trades maintained a wage-level (based on index of purchasing power) at 88 percent of pre-war, but they were unusually fortunate; an average of 75 percent is, if anything, a high estimate. Translate the situation into American terms, and imagine what would be the state of affairs here if the American laborer had only three-quarters the ability to meet his family budget today that he had before the war; and then remember that in 1913 the German workman was not nearly so well paid as the American. There is no deadlier picture than that presented by the statistics on labor costs and living expenses laid before the Dawes commission.

I know of no other country in which the German situation could continue. The German workman is tremendously efficient and exceedingly disciplined; up to the present he has accepted his misfortune as a dispensation of God. There is less industrial unrest—Bolshevism, as Americans call it—in Germany than in America; the disturbance in any German city would not compare with that in Cleveland, Ohio; no German industrial plant would exhibit the same labor situation as that with which the Pennsylvania railroad at present contends. But it is beyond reason to base a plan on the idea that this complaisance will last indefinitely. During inflation the workmen kept more or less even with the game; on stabilization this ceased. Whereas before the industrialists could compete at the expense of their capital creditors, now they must compete by depressing the standard of living of their labor below that of their trade rivals. Under the Dawes plan, even assuming that the German industrialists would do as well by their workmen as they possibly could—an assumption probably contrary to fact—they could not raise the level very much, and still beat British and other competition in foreign markets to the extent required by the Dawes plan to secure profits for remission to Allied account.

What may come is matter for speculation; but unfortunately statesmen, financiers and men of affairs (unlike academicians) have to forecast and base their policy upon just such speculation. The probability is that in time German labor will break loose, abandon its resignation to the will of the Almighty, and attempt to help itself. There will be a violent turn, either to the Right or the Left; it is immaterial for the purposes of the Dawes discussion which of the two occurs. A mass movement toward an emperor (and my own view is that the movement will be monarchic) would have about the same temporary effect on industry as a cataclysm and establishment of a proletarian dictatorship. In either event we should be faced with a complete revolt of labor, and an alignment behind some sort of fighting leadership.

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At this point the Dawes plan begins to be an embarrassment. We might regard with comparative unconcern a German revolt against their own industrial masters. But by mediation of the plan, we have placed ourselves in the shoes of the industrialists—or at any rate in such relation that the plan and its agents will be held up as the active cause of the misery. In a word, the revolt would not be a revolution but a war of freedom. It is perhaps unprofitable to carry the prophecy from that point on. There is no limit to the possible grouping of forces. Perhaps the German masses will elect to fight alone, whether under the leadership of a kaiser, king or commissar, and fling themselves without adequate resources against French and Belgian military lines. We should win, without doubt; but the result will not be one which a far-sighted statesman would choose to achieve. Perhaps a Russian, Austrian, Italian or Balkan grouping is effected; we should then have a war of alliances; we should tread once more the old trail from the milestone of 1914.

I do not think this an exaggeration. No process of mathematics can conceal the fact that reparations payments, whether by way of mortgage interest or tax, must now come from the German labor class, (the savings of small investors having ceased to exist); that we are asking these men to reduce their standard of living below that of any other West European country; that we are basing the whole Dawes arrangement on the theory that the German workman will permanently accept a lot which no other workmen in the world just now are willing to endure. We are giving power to a plan agent so to control taxes that this pressure is constantly maintained—at our instance if the Germans do not do it of their own accord. Add to this the fact that the German workman now indulges the luxury of hope; he thinks Germany will recover; wages will be a little better; food a little easier to buy. When he discovers that the recovery will have no effect on him, there is bound to be a reaction.

The logic of the situation drives one to the belief therefore, that the Dawes plan may easily result in war. Conceivably the administration of the plan may be so mild that nothing will happen; both the plan agent and the German industrialists may co-operate to alleviate the situation. Their respective financial interests are however not subserved by any permanent alleviation, and it is almost too much to hope that industrialists will be more intelligent about such matters in the future than they have been in the past. The plan agent may, perhaps, decide that peace is better than reparations, and permit, so far as he is concerned, a lightening of the burden. The point is that logical application of the plan machinery leads only in one direction. We may hope for someone with discretion sufficient to stop the engine before it wrecks itself.

This dilemma between peace and reparations—between the policy of M. Herriot and that of M. Poincaré, and neatly set out in the campaigns made by these chieftains respectively in the last French election—can be avoided only by proof that German industry is somehow in a better position to produce and sell than its competitors. The Dawes plan has as yet no defenders or apologists—merely naked eulogists; but these would say, if pressed, that this advantage has been acquired by wiping out the capital obligations of German plants through the inflation process above referred to. At this point it becomes important to examine German taxes. They are a maze too intricate to set out at length—so complex that the German tax authorities themselves have in large measure been unable to send out bills because unable to make accurate assessment. But the high lights are worth noting.

German corporations pay 20 percent of net earnings—and they are not allowed to deduct interest on bonds or capital as an expense. They pay, in addition, 7½ percent on capital—a partnership pays 5 percent. They pay 6 percent on the value of all real property, and from 5 to 7½ percent on personal property aggregating more than 50,000 gold marks. They pay 10 percent on any interest or dividends they receive. They pay an indeterminate amount on appreciation of value of any property. This excludes a multitude of minor taxes—on checks, sales and other transactions. They are required to draw up a balance sheet showing valuations in gold marks to assist the tax office. This last has not been done by anyone, because no one will arrange his capital until he knows his tax liability, and no one can exactly ascertain that liability.

So far the concern has reckoned only with the central (Reich) government. After the foregoing payments it must settle the bill of the state in which it operates; and the total taxes payable have been officially estimated by United States government observers at more than 50 percent of net business income.

It is no exaggeration to say that these taxes more than equal the capital liabilities wiped out by the smashing of the mark. But that is only a part of the story. Business will not act on uncertainties; intricate, varying and speculative levies disorganize the whole machinery; men will not build or adventure when the profit of the transaction may be seized on the morrow by a tax agent, be he German or Allied. Whatever the government may do may be upset by the Dawes agent; any material reduction of taxes means cutting into the revenue the agent is sent there to obtain. The dilemma between peace and reparations becomes more plain.

Hence I say that the Dawes plan machinery may wreck the peace of Europe. The agent is likely to have to choose between letting his reparations balance go by the board, or forcing a burden back on the German workman and consumer which must in time lead to an anti-Allied outbreak. And the will of a single man—however wise—is a slender thread on which to hang the safety of a continent.

BEAULIEU.

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# France, 1924

## I—Black and White

MID-JULY, 1924—In the Alps near Grenoble. To the right, a Carthusian convent, become, since a self-conscious Republic put its determined hand to a work of sacrilege (or of liberation), a run-down châlet, dispensing lemonade and vin rouge and doubtful sausage. Straight ahead, the Dauphiné Alps at their best, veiled in a quasi-mist, just heavy enough to give to the mountains a softness of contour, and a fantasy of color. Here, stretched out on the level grass, between a row of trees impeccably parallel—tribute to the selfless vision of the Carthusians who planted them a hundred years ago—is a group of students from the University summer school. Czechs in the majority, two Dutch, a few English, a Dane and an American.

The guides—a professeur at the Lycée—is a droll-looking fellow: large-eared, raw-boned, but with a face in which there is an immense amount of good nature, and no lack of intelligence. He is discoursing on French politics: the Carthusian convent had served as a peg on which to hang a discussion of the theory of separation of church and state, in which is involved, of course, the theory of liberty of conscience; whence it is easy to pass to a discussion of liberty in the abstract, and liberty in the concrete.

"Understand, Messieurs, that the Frenchman *loves* liberty; *loves* it, you understand. And will fight for it, die for it, when it is threatened. And that, you see, is the difference between the Frenchman and the German."

Everybody looked up with new interest.

"I saw enough of German prisoners during the war, you understand. I saw a German lieutenant, barely eighteen, actually strike, with a cane, a German private who must have been forty-five, and father of a family. No Frenchman, I'll have you understand, would do a thing like that—a Frenchman understands what liberty is, and respects the liberty of others. That's why, though we had a *right* to go into Germany and burn their homes, as they burned ours for no reason on earth except that they were Germans and we were French; though we had the *right,* you understand, no Frenchman would *ever* do a thing like that, or ever *has* done a thing like that."

A Czech student, apparently an historian, spoke up casually.

"What about the troops of Louis XIV?"

M. le Professeur blanched, actually blanched.

"That's not true!" he said desperately. "That's not true! A Frenchman couldn't do a thing like that! A German might—but a Frenchman—never!"

Of course not; how could there be any colors but black and white?

But then, M. le Professeur rose to the heights.

"Understand me, Messieurs," he said almost pleadingly. "I don't like the Germans; I don't like them. I still say, they are capable of things of which no Frenchman is capable. But I want to live in peace with them—do you understand? I want to call it quits—once and for all, if they are willing—once and for all!"

He looked around at the group in a sort of pathetic desperation; then he rose and walked off, to quiet his troubled spirit.

## II—The Marne—Ten Years After

September 11, 1924—A matinée at the Théâtre Français in commemoration of the anniversary of the Battle of the Marne. The play of the afternoon is Le Cid, which is to be preceded by two patriotic bits especially composed for the occasion.

My American friend and I finger our watches nervously as we wait for the curtain to rise. The usual Thursday matinée at the Théâtre Français is an awesome thing for length, at best—five acts of Corneille and three of de Musset, for example, being a normal portion; and the thought of two manufactured bits of sentiment as a substitute for Il ne faut jurer de rien makes us settle back with the same feeling of dutiful resignation that one experiences in contemplating the prospect of the five hours of Parsifal.

On a bare stage, Madeleine Roch, still a superbly young and lithe figure in her white classic robes, steps forward to begin the reading of the poem of the day. We determine to be not unreceptive; but, as the poem progresses, I catch my friend stifling a yawn, and I begin to regard my watch uneasily again. The poem comes, somehow, to an end, and we wait for the applause which, we imagine, will be thundering.

But it isn't. It is polite, but perfunctory. For the first time, we regard our fellow-auditors. Have the fires of French patriotism been damped? Everybody is obviously as much bored as we are.

After an intermission that has threatened to be interminable, the curtain rises on the second patriotic contribution. The stage is not bare this time. It is the inside of a French household; and a gray-haired French mother is watching, alone.

Somehow, the audience has awakened, and the atmosphere is tense; I stop fingering my watch, and my friend stops yawning.

The story of the piece is simple enough: a mother is yearning for her son. Something tells her he is gone, and her voice rises in bitter complaint. Then, hazily in the background, the son appears. He

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comforts his mother: he is nearer to her than he ever was in life. That is the single, direct point of the dialogue: fear that her son *may* be dead means bitterness and anguish of spirit for the mother; certainty that he *is* dead—and so nearer to her than ever—carries her to a sublime, happy exaltation.

Banal? Perhaps. But that audience! The applause is deafening. Are these the people who dozed during the reading of the official poem? The woman next to me is weeping quietly, her face lighted by the same half-smile that graces the countenace of the stage mother.

The applause will never stop, apparently. The curtain rises, again and again. Madame Weber, who has played the mother, is obviously distressed: she wishes the admirable actor who played the young soldier in the vision, to share the bow, and now she hurries to the wings in search of him.

But he will not come. He understands what has seized the audience: it has chosen what it shall celebrate on the anniversary of the Marne. What place have official poems; what place has even the soldier's uniform, in the presence of a mother of France?

### III—Herriot Returns

August 18, 1924—Just outside the Gare St. Lazare, Paris. The square is packed tight with the overflow of a crowd that extends into the gare itself. It has begun to rain; but nobody seems to mind: the chief thing is to get to a place from which one can see what is happening around a black closed car—obviously official—that is standing in the centre of the square. Numbers have clambered on to the fenders and the roofs of auto trucks drawn up nearby. Some slight movement in the crowd is provided by disputants—spectators on the one hand, and drivers of auto trucks on the other—engaged in that animated sort of conversation, uniquely French, which ensues when two Frenchmen think that their respective rights are being invaded: the issue in this case being whether a citizen of the Republic has a right to clamber on to an auto truck not for the moment employed, when the President of the Council of Ministers is returning to Paris after victorious negotiations. Otherwise, the crowd is strangely patient, looking tired and worn, somehow, waiting and watching.

A huge char-à-banc drives up suddenly through the crowd with the reckless abandon of an official vehicle with unchallenged rights to a place; and thirty policemen—remarkably youthful and trim, all of them—step out quickly to form a double line, military fashion, well back of the official carriage in the centre of the square. The crowd is agitated for a moment, as some optimists dash forward to clamber for places on the newly-arrived char-à-banc; but the agitation ceases immediately when the char-à-banc turns quickly on itself and retires, leaving a hundred disappointed place seekers in its train. Again that quiet, tired waiting.

Then a muffled disturbance from within the gare, shriller, somehow, than the noise one would hear in America on a similar occasion. Herriot is coming; and the spectators suddenly begin to stretch and peer towards the black car, now completely hidden from sight by an immense crowd.

Two things happen.

A little man, very well groomed, with the thin aristocratic features, framed in snow-white hair and beard, that one finds so often in certain circles of French society, has been waiting on the corner for this moment, eyes alight with a strange fever, cheeks aglow. Now he moves forward quickly through the crowd, determined that all eyes shall be on him. He cries:

"Vive Poincarè! Vive Poincarè! Vive Poincarè!"

The crowd does not work up even a mild interest; one or two policemen watch the little man with a professional eye, wondering quietly whether he has, by any chance, the possibilities of a fanatical assassin, and then dismissing him altogether from their minds.

Suddenly, as a vague knot begins to work its way through the crowd toward the black car, a section of the crowd awakes. There resounds a rapid, shrill detonation, which continues for the next half-hour, without intermission. I had never heard anything like it before: in perfect cadence, like a college yell, yet shriller and registering, somehow, infinitely more emotion.

"*Vive* Herri-*ot*—*Vive* la *paix! Vive* Herri-*ot*—*Vive* la *paix! Vive* Herri-*ot*—*Vive* la *paix!*"

Not all the people are shouting: they look, somehow, too tired and worn to shout. But they talk:

"Grâce à Dieu, on n'est plus seul!" "Enfin, enfin!"

There, in front of the Gare St. Lazare, on August 18, was the France of 1924: a land in which little old men, cherishing memories and a bitter hate too old to die, cry vainly their "Vive Poincaré!" against the concerted cadence of *"Vive* Herri-*ot*—*Vive* la *paix!"*—while the great majority, tired and worn, stand quietly by, approving with voices that utter something between a sigh and a prayer.

Arthur W. Marget.

## Child's Movements

See how her arms now rise and fall,
  See how, like wings, they beat the air!
An arm to balance either foot,
  She moves, half-fluttering, here and there.

And still those motions will suggest
  A different life that's left behind,
In early days, remote and strange;
  Felt in that little unformed mind
For one short season, after birth—
Before her feet are claimed by Earth.

W. H. Davies.

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# The Art of Firmin Gemier

IN spite of incredible difficulties, the French company of the Odéon Theatre, Paris, has given in New York a series of performances of unusual significance for the development of the American stage. It will no longer be possible to present in this country the better kind of commercial melodrama, the revolutionary and pioneer drama of an advanced élite, or one of the most revered and hoary classics of England or France, without taking into serious consideration the Gémier performance at the Jolson Theatre.

The first performances, a rendering of two relatively unimportant plays, L'Homme Qui Assassina and Le Procureur Hallers, were somewhat of a surprise to many. Superficially observed, the work of these Odéon actors seemed strangely un-French. Here was none of the severe simplification and high relief of a Cécile Sorel; none of the unfailing Bernhardtness of the intellectual Sarah. We missed, too, as the action progressed before our eyes, that snap and flash of light which so often make of the best French productions, whether managed by Féraudy or Coquelin, a crystal necklace aglow with fire. A closer study of the playing of the Odéon company soon revealed, however, that Gémier, too, insists on making the most of that sense of artistic make-believe which is the inestimable privilege of the stage. His use of this privilege differs from that of Coquelin, but that he does use it, was evident at every turn. It was especially visible in the remarkable cöoperation of the actors, as they played their various roles. Not even Stanislavsky's admirable veterans surpassed in this respect the young company trained and led by Firmin Gémier. Undoubtedly the outstanding feature of these first performances was the truly marvelous understanding by each actor of the action and character of every other actor. To secure a smooth and unified presentation in accordance with the spirit of the plays viewed as a whole, Gémier willingly sacrificed both the spectacle of traditional artifice and the naturalistic vigor of truth to life. The first and greatest of these sacrifices was undoubtedly the acting of Gémier himself. An unusually powerful artist, he has consistently refused to allow any role, even a title role played by himself, to assume a prominence detrimental to the superior interests of general design and tone. In a lecture upon dramatic interpretation, he once described the first steps to be taken by any company of actors when learning a new play: the whole company should read the play together; and they should discuss in common every matter of interpretation, from the essential traits of a character to the smallest detail of pose and motion. As a result of this method, Gémier gave us one of the most characteristic pleasures produced by art: notwithstanding the uninspired nature of the plays with which he opened his engagement, he sent us to our homes with a rare feeling of contentment, of minds and imaginations set at rest.

The third play produced by the Odéon company, Lenormand's l'Homme et ses Fantômes was an example of the latest thing in playwriting and play production. It is, in some ways, not unlike an earlier play by the same author. Le Mangeur de Reves is Freud carried on the back of Oedipus Rex. Similarly L'Homme et ses Fantômes is a combination of science and of another famous dramatic theme, a biologico-Freudian mare's nest carried by the old legend of Don Juan as known to Molière and the seventeenth century, the legend according to which this fearless sinner, challenging heaven by his heartless seduction of women and his irreverent mockery of the dead, is swallowed by a yawning of the earth in an appropriate odor of brimstone and hellfire. For traits of character, Lenormand substitutes scientific elements of personality; and for the supernatural of mediaeval religion, the séances and the "low spirits" of modern spiritualism.

It is a fine comment on the progressive character of Gémier as an artist, that he should have undertaken to perform such a play. Both the matter and the means are foreign to the older traditions of the stage. Psychoanalysis, and a new metaphysics are here expressed in the terms of a new logic. By means of detached scenes, sixteen different tableaux, the author accumulates impressions interrelated only by the associations of an institution based on the preoccupations of modern society. And Gémier, true to the spirit of the play, bodly discards the old, adopting a new stage-craft to fit this new dramaturgy. An excellent example of this is the way in which he carried to greater effectiveness a manner of presentation suggested by the author. Finding in the text two scenes to be played in front of the curtain, he has invented others of his own. One of the most successful presents the man carrying a bag and dressed in the significant white suit and helmet of travellers in hot countries. As he walks across the stage, he throws pennies to dancing urchins, both black and brown. By the two minutes of this simple yet evocative business before the curtain, Gémier has suggested the passage of the action from Paris to Algeria, thus introducing, without injury to the imaginative unreality of the play, an element of unity, the lack of which is one of the main defects of the work he is producing.

It was inevitable, and perhaps salutary, that Gémier's production of the classics, whether of England or of France, should be a shock to many persons: in the domain of art, a moral shock is often the bitter dose of salts necessary to a better state of health. Gémier believes that any play, whether old or new, must be a showman's success, that its fundamental elements must be expressed in terms of modern sensibility.

> Let us not bury the classics under too much respect; let us, as we put them on the stage, treat them as though the genius who wrote them were still alive and present at the rehearsals. Let us honor them with a living interpretation framed in a renewed setting.

These are Gémier's own words, and as proof of their sincerity, he gave us the other night his production of The Merchant of Venice. Studying this play in accordance with his position, he saw in it what it really was: a collection of improbabilities animated with human truths. He noted the impossible details of scene and plot, the delightfully factitious coincidences, the wilfully artificial oppositions, the mad credulity, and the credulous folly of the characters, all of which must be made acceptable to the audience; and he understood, also, that this play is boresome, and therefore dead, if many impulses of the heart and the imagination which are often neglected by modern producers of Shakespeare, are not constantly kept before our eyes. He treats the Merchant of Venice as a colorful, organically exciting story, full of poetry, fancy, gross fun, and impish whimsicalness; and refuses to limit its beauty to a highly concentrated philosophic, poetic, or emotional study of one or two main characters. If, as a result of this approach, Shylock and Portia lose (and I am not sure that they do

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lose), Launcelot, Lorenzo, Tubal, the Prince of Arragon and Nerissa gain immensely. Our minds and eyes are struck by other scenes as well as those of the caskets and the trial; we are glad to feel the rollicking, infectious merriment amid which Jessica is abducted; and we laugh most sinfully as Launcelot, alone in Portia's room, irreverently compares himself to God. During former performances of this same play, we have dozed through far too many so-called unimportant scenes; we owe to Gémier the reminder that there are no unimprotant scenes in a dramatic masterpiece and that asleep is a most damning commentary on the art of a theatrical producer. Gémier's Shylock is by no means the pathetic figure portrayed by Warfield, not the Jew whose whole conduct is determined, as Louis Calvert would have us believe, by a desire for revenge based principally on Antonio's interference with his money-getting. Gémier has interpreted him not individually, but racially. Shylock desires revenge for the affronts, private, public, moral and physical, put upon him as the representative of an ill-used race by Antonio, the typical representative of a brow-beating, overbearing people, full of scorn, yet not too proud to make use of the Jews when it is to their material advantage to do so.

This conception has given a rare amplification to certain scenes, and has developed a powerful interest in the action of the play from the beginning to the end, an interest ably furthered by every detail of the performance including the stage settings. When standing alone, Shylock is satisfactorily impressive; but it will be a long time before many of us can forget certain memorable moments. The most striking was perhaps, that of the trial. Shylock remained the man of petty motions and undignified bearing; yet, as he stood at the head of a group of his co-religionists, having opposed to him Antonio and the Christian, he acquired a deep and significant aspect. The opposing crowds have hurried down two different aisles of the theatre shouting defiance at each other. Coming upon the stage, they remain hostile. The successes or reverses of Shylock's effort to exact his pound of flesh are mirrored in the faces and postures of the motley crew beside him; and there is high tragedy indeed in the slowly bending backs of all these Jews gradually bowing down in sympathy with Shylock as he sinks to the ground under the blow of the penalty imposed by the court.

A. G. H. Spiers.

# A COMMUNICATION

## The Orient Indicts

SIR: In urging the readmission of China to the Council of the League of Nations, and in reviving at Geneva the race equality proposal originally made at the Paris peace conference, Japan has seized upon a psychological moment. Due to the enactment of the American immigration law, Asia is just now animated with a pan-Asiatic sentiment, and is in a mood to accept Japanese leadership.

The immigration law rules in effect that Asiatics are not admissible because they are Asiatics. Before its enactment the Chinese or the Indians were inclined to believe that they were excluded from America not upon racial grounds, but because their governments, their economic conditions, their material civilization were too backward to entitle them to equal treatment with advanced peoples. "Look at Japan," they used to reason, "She is as oriental as we are, yet she has been admitted to the family of the foremost powers of the world, and no nation dares discriminate against her, at least legally or openly, simply because she has proved herself the equal of those powers by improving her internal conditions."

To this argument the new immigration law has given a rude jolt. It has dislodged Japan from her dais of honor because she, too, is Asiatic. It has dealt a fatal blow upon Asia's aspiration to enter the family of civilized nations upon equal footing by following the example set by the Japanese. That is the way the Orientals look upon this law.

And yet this law is not entirely unwelcome to Asiatics. In it they see a factor which may serve to hasten the long-awaited day when the peoples of the Orient will at last forget petty disagreements among themselves and unite for the protection of their common interests. They hope and believe that this law will awaken Japan to the folly of her past policy which has befriended Europe and America, but ignored their immediate neighbors to whom she is naturally bound not merely by the community of interests but by ties of blood. Once Japan realizes her past "blunder," will she not assume the leadership which the peoples of Asia will by common consent place in her hand?

When Congress passed the immigration law Moula Mohammed Ali, President of the All India National Congress, cabled this message to the Osaka Mainichi, one of the leading newspapers in Japan:

> Western nationalism, with its characteristic exclusiveness, is a curse to humanity. It culminated in the late catastrophic war, which should have cured the world of it. No nation should meekly submit to such humilation as it involved in a racial immigration law. In the face of such legislation it is not enough for Japan to demonstrate merely her own sense of honor and self-respect. She is only a part of the eastern world whose honor must be defended by a federation of all the eastern nations. In the meantime the West must be made to believe in deeper human sympathies and in wider human intercourse.

Even more vigorous was the statement of C. R. Das, President of the Swarjist party. He said:

> The American immigration law exhibits the petulant jingoism of the imperialistic West, and the narrow outlook of its diplomacy. Japanese immigration is only an incident. The law is merely part of a larger scheme against the Asiatics in general.
>
> The Western world cherishes the notion that it represents a higher civilization, and that Asia is its legitimate prey. The only remedy lies in the federation of Asia. Hinduism, Buddhism, Islamism, and Asiatic Christianity must combine to preserve the independence and the essential unity of Asia. So long as any of the nations of Asia is under white domination, the other Asiatic nations must suffer. So long as Europe and America believe in Christianity without Christ, the federation of Asiatic peoples is essential to the preservation of the world.

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The Indians feel particularly humilated, for while the immigration law places a ban upon them, their next-door neighbors, the Persians and Arabs, and even the negroes, are placed upon the quota basis as are the Europeans.

Much the same sentiment prevails among the Chinese. Dr. Tang Shao-yi, a brilliant scholar and publicist, who has occupied high cabinet positions under both the Manchu and the republican régime, declares that the immigration law is an affront not only to the Japanese but to all Asiatics.

"It is something worse," he says, "it is a challenge to humanity, and I cannot see how President Coolidge could have permitted it to become a law."

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, utilizing Japanese exclusion, is attempting a rapprochement with Japan, and for that purpose is sending his ablest lieutenant to Tokyo.

The general feeling in China is summed up by the Shanghai correspondent of the Japan Advertiser, an American newspaper in Tokyo, in these words:

> The attitude of most Chinese towards Japan in connection with Japanese exclusion is very sympathetic. The Chinese have never forgotten the exclusion act which has kept them out of the United States, and have for years watched Japan's endeavor to forestall a similar legislation against her . . . Now that all Asiatics are excluded, including the mighty Japanese, the Chinese feel that all of Asia has been insulted, and that the question can be settled only when Asia is in a position to reject the insult.

Apparently Japan stands at the crossroads. Will she heed the tempting words uttered by her Asiatic neighbors, proffering to her leadership in the pan-Asiatic movement? Will she part with the western nations whom she has for decades regarded as her best friends, and cast her lot with the myriads of Asia?

In answering these questions two factors must be considered. First, Japan has already gone too far in pursuing the same "imperialistic" Chinese policy as has been practiced by her western friends, and finds it no easy task to renounce the position she has attained in China. Secondly, in the whole Orient Japan is the only modernized nation capable of holding her own against western onslaughts, political, military, or economic, and she finds it difficult to convince herself of the advantage of entering into alliance with such nations as may prove an encumbrance rather than a reenforcement to her.

In spite of Japan's restitution of Shantung and a notable liberalization of her general China policy, the Chinese have not yet entirely forgotten the humilation inflicted upon them by Japan's "twenty-one demands." Japan has vast economic interests in Manchuria, and has no intention of abandoning them completely. She may be willing enough to curb her interests here and there, but the question is whether China will be entirely satisfied with such partial renunciations.

Though working under such limitations, Japan will do her best to befriend her Asiatic neighbors. Her acts at Geneva and her recent policy in China furnish an indication of the course she is going to follow. But if she were forced to choose between the friendship of the Western powers and the friendship of Asiatic nations, her decision would perforce have to be for the former, at least for some years to come. Whether this mild attitude, this middle course, will prove a mistake is, of course, another matter.

K. K. KAWAKAMI.

*Washington, D. C.*

# CORRESPONDENCE

## Taxing for School Support

SIR: It is regrettable that Dr. George D. Strayer should link the good cause of educational improvement with unsound suggestions of a state income tax. Since there are better ways to finance public needs these suggestions must shake confidence in the soundness of advice on other matters.

Dr. Strayer bases his suggestions on views of some unnamed "tax specialists," but one need not be a specialist to know that taxation is justified only when levied to pay for a service rendered by government. A service must benefit some one and should be paid for by those who get the benefit and each should pay in proportion to the amount of benefits received. All commercial charges are based on this principle, but the "tax experts" on whom Dr. Strayer depends seem to have lost sight of it.

Education benefits the pupils and they, or their parents, usually pay full value for it—but the government does not get it, and cannot get it through an income tax. Schools like other useful institutions increase land values in the neighborhoods where they exist. Those who live where they may take advantage of the schools pay for them in higher rents or purchase price. But the payment is made to individuals who have little or nothing to do with furnishing the service. To finance the schools the government might levy taxes so that the individuals who now appropriate values created by their presence will turn these values into the school fund. In other words it may put a tax on the value of bare land aside from whatever improvements may be upon it. If it does not do this it must tax people who get no financial benefit from the presence of the schools or who have already paid for benefits in rents or purchase price. The former method Dr. Strayer, possibly depending for information on his "experts," intimates is "confiscation." As a matter of fact it is the latter method, of which the suggested income tax is a form, which is confiscation.

It is possible that Dr. Strayer, like many well meaning individuals, suggests the wrong way in preference to risking a charge of harboring single tax views. That would be pardonable since timidity is not a fault but a misfortune. But the public should not be misled into taking a false step merely through fear of a label.

SAMUEL DANZIGER.

Baltimore, Md.

## The A. P. in Paris

SIR: In a recent number of the New Republic you published an anonymous letter, signed merely Inquirer and dated Ithaca, N. Y., wherein reference was made to an Associated Press despatch stating that a watchman in one of the numerous Paris normal schools had won a peace prize of one hundred thousand francs. The letter-writer said that the winner of the prize was not a watchman but a supervisor of studies and he inquired:

> But what are we to think of the correspondents of the A. P. in Paris who make such blunders? And what of the A. P. that recruits its purveyors of news among people totally ignorant of the country on which they are supposed to be specialists?

We are very proud of the character and competence of the staff of our Paris bureau. This particular despatch was written by a gentleman who knows French as well as he knows English, to whom the secretary of the Award Committee had described the winner as a gardien in a normal school. This he quite properly translated as watchman.

Inquiry reveals that he is not a supervisor of studies but a surveillant, a man who looks after the students when they are in the class-room. It is a worthy position but more nearly that of a watchman than supervisor of studies. The winner is a man of education who has a university degree but who happens to be occupying a minor position.

If your anonymous correspondent cares to go into the matter further, I shall be very glad to supply him with the facts, but his gratuitous reflection upon the character of our Paris representatives is baseless if not in bad taste.

FREDERICK ROY MARTIN,
General Manager The Associated Press.

New York, N. Y.

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## Taxation in Wisconsin

SIR: The editorial paragraphs in your issue of October 15 impute a *quite unjustified significance to the press release sent* out by the National Industrial Conference Board concerning the results of our study of taxation in the state of Wisconsin. Your editorial, of course, attempts no analysis of the figures contained in the board's report, The Tax Problem in Wisconsin, which was published in July, 1924, and it in fact entirely ignores the existence of this detailed statistical study. Your editorial assumed that the board's study has shown a uniformly higher condition of taxation in Wisconsin than in certain other states and that it attempts to demonstrate that this condition is unjustifiable. If you will examine the book in question you will see that this assumption is unwarranted. The board's study shows that on the basis of certain comparisons taxation in Wisconsin is heavier than in other states, but that from other points of view it is not so heavy. The board's study, furthermore, expresses no judgment as to whether heavier taxation in Wisconsin is necessarily a bad thing. The book itself presents in very great detail facts from which any one may draw such conclusions as he wishes.

The chief imputation in your editorial is that the board presented these facts at this time in order to discredit in some way Senator La Follette and his policies. This assumption is also wholly unwarranted. The study in question is the first of a series of intensive studies of state and local taxation in the United States. It is merely a coincidence that the first of these studies was made in the state of Wisconsin. The investigation was undertaken in January, 1924, and continued through February, March and April. This was a long while before anybody had conclusive knowledge that Senator La Follette was going to bolt the Republican party and make a campaign of his own. The manuscript as finished in May and actually put into print in June before Senator La Follette was nominated. In any case, even if the board had some esoteric knowledge of future events, it is difficult to see what pertinence a scientific study of taxation in Wisconsin has to Senator La Follette's candidacy. Even if the study proved that taxation in Wisconsin is higher than in certain other states, it would not be conclusive as to Senator La Follette's responsibility for this situation and still less as to Senator La Follette's merits as President of the United States. The tax situation in Wisconsin proves nothing about the wisdom of the Progressive platform, since that platform has very little relation to the conditions in Wisconsin. If one wanted to make a case against Senator La Follette one could do it on very much better grounds than this.

The assumption that the Conference Board was interested in taxation in Wisconsin solely because of Wisconsin's relation to Senator La Follette and Senator La Follette's relation to national policics is, of course, only part of the broader assumption that all of the material sent out by the Conference Board to the press, based on its investigations, has some relation to political events This assumption would hardly bear examination. The board has been engaged continuously for nine years in the study of such economic-industrial problems as wages, cost of living, unemployment, hours of work, taxation, public finance, industrial medicine, engineering education, industrial relations, etc. The results of its studies in these fields are published in books which are sold to the public like any other books issued by any publisher. These results are released to the press as soon as they are available quite regardless of the political situation or their bearing on it. The fact that they are seized upon and used by one or another political party or a group for political purposes at a time like the present is no concern of the Conference Board's. An examination of the material sent out by the board in the nine years of its history would easily demonstrate that it has been used by all parties and that it is just about as conclusive of the merits of one as it is of another.

VIRGIL JORDAN,
Chief Economist, National Industrial Conference Board.

## Two Sides to the Under Dog

SIR: I suppose that most of the liberals who read of Mr. John Jay Chapman's protest against the appointment of a Roman Catholic to a position of responsibility on one of the governing boards of Harvard University experienced the customary orthodox liberal reaction when the power of the Church of Rome is challenged, viz., sympathy for the attacked and indignation against what the Holy Church is pleased to call in others "religious bigotry." But is it not time for liberals to cease being governed entirely by their emotions in these controversies and to quit their consistent hurrahing for the underdog, whether he be an honest animal or a mangy cur?

If I remember correctly, the New Republic some time ago expressed the opinion that ignorant attacks on the Catholics might be expected to continue until the press should overcome its timidity in saying anything critical of the Church of Rome. This view seems reasonable, but it implies that the Church of Rome and its activities in the United States need some critical attention, and that honest criticism is to be preferred to the kind it usually gets. Well then, why doesn't the New Republic publish a series of articles on the subject, as sharply critical as necessity demands, and then give scholars from the Roman fold an opportunity to answer them if they can?

As far as I am concerned, I shall require a lot of persuasive editorials to make me shed tears when the Ku Klux or any other group of Protestant bigots makes life interesting for the Holy Romans. When the devils are fighting together the righteous may live in peace.

The newspapers do not hesitate in the least to razz the Protestant Fundamentalists. Yet wherein does Catholicism improve upon Protestant Fundamentalism in tolerance and the graces which make civilized life possible? There may be a half-answer to this question in the fact that many so-called "Catholic countries" are civilized to a high degree—but is it because of a rigid adherence to the tenets of the Church that they are so, or because many Latins who profess Catholicism are in reality pagans? Unfortunately our American Catholicism is not of the Latin variety, but of the Celtic, and the highest representatives of the Hierarchy in these states do not impress one by the profundity of their scholarship, nor by their refusal to meddle in temporal matters. One of the red-hatted potentates seems no more loath to seek the aid of the secular authorities in imposing his ideas on birth control and divorce on the whole population than is Mr. Bryan in seeking similar aid for his theories on the origin of man. The press points the finger of scorn and thumbs the nose of derision at the Protestant Fundamentalist, Mr. Bryan, and on comparable action by a Roman Fundamentalist (who being of the clergy has even less business tampering with legislators than has Mr. Bryan) says simply: Monsignor V. representing His Eminence Mike Cardinal Donovan appeared before the committee and objected to modifications in the existing law . . . the home is the foundation of society, etc.—ad nauseam.

This much can be said for the Protestants—that in some denomination clergy of liberal views, not only in economics and politics but in theology as well, may remain in safety. How far is this possible in the Church of Rome?

If liberals were guided more by their intelligence and less by their emotions they might easily find some of the same objectionable characteristics in some of the enemies of the Ku Klux Klan as they find in the K. K. K. itself.

New York. J. G. L.

## Contributors

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# Winter Literary Section

## What Is An Elephant?—A Fable for Critics

POLITICS, I have learned from literature, is not the only manufacturer of strange bedfellows. He was hardly a politician who called for a lion to lie with a lamb, and ladies have lain down with lap dogs long before Barnum. Not the strangest of bedfellowships, either, is that of the players of the critical game with certain blind men and of the game itself with an elephant, more or less white. This beast is celebrated in fable because of a high disputation the blind men once held on the theme, "What is an Elephant?" each deriving his arguments from an accidental pawing of a pachyderman part. The disputation has gone down in legend as a light o' logic, but there has been, as usual, no profit in example, also in so significant an example as this. Experience, it would seem, even when it brings disillusion, never quite kills hope, and with regard to the arts and the sciences and the critical disciplines one is always both disillusioned and hopeful.

What criticism is in America, how it stands and what it does are mystifications I have more than once sought enlightenment upon, from the works and wisdom of the great arbitres elegantiae and censores morum of the land—from Mr. Irving Babbitt, and Mr. H. L. Mencken, from Mr. Stuart Sherman and Mr. J. E. Spingarn, from Mr. Van Wyck Brooks and Mr. T. S. Eliot. When I saw that their several wisdoms, and those of two or three others, had been collected in a book*, and that the book offered a revelation of the function and status of criticism in the United States, I said to myself "Aha! At last! Here at last I shall rest from my searchings, here at last is resolution for the perplexities of my mind. The most sage and authoritative of American critics are justifying the ways of their species to the man on the street. At last I shall know why one is to be believed and another to be beblahed. At last I shall know who shall be my light and my leader through the wilderness of books and things." Alas, once more was a fond hope felled hapless. The most unscruplous Ford salesman has nothing on the critics, talking about criticism, for the persuasiveness and skill with which they cry up their own critical goods and cry down the other fellows'.

"Criticism's creative," apodictates Mr. Spingarn. "It's an art. It's expression. All art is expression. Don't express Willie. Express yourself about Willie, and you're a critic."

"I am," retorts Mr. Babbitt, "but you're not. Expression my all-standardizing eye! That joke had whiskers before your grandfather's grandfather was born. Worse than mid-Victorian. Eighteenth Century. Bah! Criticism is conscience. Criticism is standards. Criticism owns 'the ethical and generalizing imagination.' "

"Bunk!" cuts in Mr. Mencken. "Booboisie ideology! You and your schools and your standards. How do you get that way, you poor boobitt! I hold with Spingarn. I used to think that a critic ought to know something besides himself. But I've changed my mind. I hold with Spingarn. A critic doesn't even have to know himself. He should be something of a superman. Criticism is certainly an art and the critic certainly must express himself. What else has he to express, anyhow?"

"What defilement! How unAmerican!" exclaims Professor Sherman. "The critic must know the difference between good and evil. He must be a voice of the national genius. He must share the moral idealism of American society. He must help it make the ten commandments work and Puritanism beautiful."

* *Criticism in America. It Function and Status. Essays by J. E. Spingarn, G. E. Woodberry, W. C. Brownell, V. W. Brooks, I. Babbitt, H. L. Mencken, T. S. Eliot, S. P. Sherman and E. Boyd, with an Appendix of Passages Illustrating the Growth of an American Tradition of Criticism. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.*

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"Never!" breaks out Mr. Brooks indignantly. "The ten commandments work art out of existence. Puritanism has been an ugly escape from the realities of American life, not their substance. It has rendered literature 'mere', and made of art an amusement or a soporific. We don't know what America is, but we do know it isn't Puritanism. America becomes. America is an experiment, the great American experiment. America is an object of faith. The job for criticism is to discover the faith."

"Now I've another idea," Mr. Spingarn says, taking the last word. "To express himself a critic has to be a philosopher. He has to be well-informed and he has to have a deep sensibility."

Mr. Woodberry opines that historical criticism is an essential preliminary to expression, or æsthetic criticism, in which you become one with the soul of the artist. Mr. Brownell thinks that a criticism should convey a correct judgment as well as a portrait of a work of art, while Mr. Eliot wants the critic to be very intelligent, to refrain from making judgments of worse and better, and simply to inquire and elucidate. Doing this, he thinks, requires both sensibility and intellect. He calls criticism a development of sensibility, a critic's statement in language of the structure of his perceptions. And, yes—Mr. Boyd denounces Mr. Sherman as being a Ku Klux Kritic and wanting American literature to be Nordic, Protestant and blond.

Then there is an appendix of "passages illustrating the growth of an American tradition of criticism." All the gentlemen cited in about ten pages—Jefferson, Emerson, Poe, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, Lowell, Moffat, Walt Whitman, Bascom, Timrod, Parkman, Burroughs, Henry James, Howells, Henry Adams, Queenslet, P. E. More, T. Roosevelt, J. Huneker, John Macy, Amy Lowell, James B. Cabell—seem to sustain the doctrine of Mr. Spingarn; but from what I know of them I feel sure that Mr. Sherman can find citations from most if not all that will sustain the doctrine of Mr. Sherman.

That, however, is another story. It is the case in hand that is bothersome. You can see why my head was in a whirl, reading the stuff. These master-critics go off like members of Congress before election, contradicting themselves and one another. Each, as you read him, persuades and, on this thing or that, convinces. But their arguments spin you round like a teetotum. At first you tell yourself that they can't be all Congressmen or all right. Then you ask yourself "Why can't they?" Then you recall how insistent each is on his own unique and exclusive rightness and the complete wrongness of the others. And each is a great man. Very reputable. Very respectable. With large respectable and reputable congregations of communicants that hang upon his words . . .

It's when your headache becomes almost unbearable that you remember the fable of the Blind Men and the Elephant.

The fable of the Blind Men and the Elephant teaches how a whole, even a whole Elephant, may sometimes be quite other than any of its parts. That this teaching should apply also to criticism and to critics of criticism, need, the world being aggregated as it is, cause no shock even to the most pious communicant of any critic's confession. Criticism is first and last a name for certain ways of men and women with the works of other men and women. The makers of the ways and the makers of the works are each of variegated origin, environment, sensibility, discipline and interests. Neither the artist nor the critic is a sudden creation, vocalizing in a void; the critic certainty is not. He has a biography, and his biography is the indemiscible compenetration of origin, sensibility, discipline and interest, responding as it may to a manifold and changing environment of men, things, institutions and ideas. His character as critic consists of these responses. They are not primary, but eventual. They are last terms of the give and take that goes on continuously between him and the total contents of his experience. Among the items of this give and take are works of art. Whenever any person's totality of responses are brought to a focus and drawn into a pattern by a work of art, the potentiality of criticism has come awake in him. When he utters those responses in words, the awakened potentiality becomes operative, and he is a critic full-fledged. Discipline, practice, elaboration and refinement of his verbalized responses will then make him professional.

What, however, the critic, whether professional or amateur, says about a work of art or about the artist who made it is not alone determined by the character of his theme nor his own character. The effective determinants are in the pattern of his relationships to the world he lives in, and the place that the theme finds among the processes of experience which make up this pattern. In these, his ruling passions are the lines of force. His criticism, hence, will be an expression primarily of the fortunes of his ruling passions, conscious and unconscious, as those are prospered or defeated by the contact with his theme. It will reveal how the work of art or its author is modifying the critic's destiny. That is, it will be a moral judgment, a verdict regarding better and worse. It cannot, in the nature of things, be anything else.

To denounce criticism for moralizing, therefore—to talk about "æsthetic" as against "ethical" judgment—is an absurdity of the classifying habit of mind. In living experience there are no such compartments. Thought invents them as methodological conveniences. Living means simply to prefer one standard or instrument or purpose to another—Mr. Sherman's to Mr. Mencken's or Mr. Spingarn's to Mr. Babbitt's. But a choice among standards is not a rejection of standards. Rather is it a confirmation of their reality and an acknowledgment and demonstration of their variety and multiplicity. Their confrontation, conflict, dissolution or integration are no less the nature and life of criticism than of any other discipline of the mind or the body.

How entirely and perfectly this is so stands out in the fact that critics of the school of Messrs. Spingarn and Mencken do write to be read, and to speak to be heard, Expression, an und für sich, is soliloquy. It intends no communication; it only registers an impact, like the meow of a cat whose tail has been stepped on. An expression, once made, is over and done with. Not so with the expressions of the critical expressionists. They are addressed to an audience. They carry meanings which their authors intend their audiences to share. They are communications, and their function is not served unless they do effectively communicate. The audiences—their powers, interests, needs, wishes, prejudices, fears and hopes—are automatically and ineluctably constituents of the conditions which make the expression what it is. They are conditions which the expression is designed to alter into greater harmony with the ruling passions of the expressors. That is the latter's hope and purpose, and these are served only in so far as the artist or critic is, in Mr. Babbitt's admirable phrase, disciplined to reality, to the reality, the stubborn and resistent reality, particularly, the far from easily pliable reality, of the ruling

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passions of the public to whom, willy-nilly, all expressions are expressed.

Now the expressions of the critic must be made under still another limitation, which does not apply to the artist. The artist addresses his audience directly with his own meanings. The being of these is inwardly-governed; their qualities are autonomous; they need not be—though, of course, they often are—referred to anything else, to be accepted or rejected. They are not interpretations, not mediations. The critic's works are almost always interpretations and mediations. His communications are about something else, out there, which evokes them, and which they envisage and appraise to somebody else, out there, to whom he addresses them. If, in fact, the only meaning that he can convey to that somebody is himself, then Mr. Somebody has been sorely deceived. For Mr. Somebody does not heed the critic because he is interested in the critic. Mr. Somebody heeds the critic because he is interested in that which the critic is talking about. In the turmoil and welter of books and pictures and dreams whose number, variety and quality have been so overwhelmingly increased with the extension of industry through our civilization, Mr. Somebody no longer has the leisure, nor feels the competence to seek the more excellent for himself. He will not adventure like Childe Roland. He looks to guidance. He looks to expert guidance. The critic, whatever his class or status, and whatever his conceit may be of his own function, whether priestly or Ciceronic, or Napoleonic, supplies this guidance. His craft is to be Taster of the Arts to the Public. The act of guidance may be elaborated with all sorts of flourishes and ornamentation. It may be called "creation"—and why should it not?—"expression" or anything else you like, but it is the foundation for whatever this else is. A communicative expression, it advises the public about an artist or a work of art. If, in creating the presumption that it is doing so, the critic makes it communicate only himself, simulating the artist or work of art, what is the critic? But the practice of the very expressionists who imply that the critic is just that, is far more realistic than their professions . . .

I have become a purple cow
I never meant to be one;
Until I found out, anyhow,
I had to be to see one.

In this event the critic has entirely nullified himself. There is nobody mediating between the work of art and the audience. Its members can each on his own account become a purple cow. Assume, on the other hand, that it is the purple cow that is assimilated by the critic instead of the critic by the cow, then there is nothing left for the critic to mediate to the audience hanging upon his word for illumination and judgment regarding this same Juno:

I have consumed the purple cow,
Haunch, paunch and jowl I ate her.
I had to, since no other how
Can critic be creator.

In sum, even if the expressionist utterance purposes only to convert the public to expressionism and to stretch all the works of man on a Pro-Croceian bed, there is more to the critic's activity than just expression. A function is added, above and beyond expression, and it is precisely in this added function that criticism consists.

For the fundamental dogma of the Moses of the expressionist sect, that all expression is art and that all art is expression, is either an empty paradox reached by dialectic or an altogether obvious, ancient and trivial truism. As the latter, no quarrel is possible with it; as the former it is not worth a quarrel. In either event, the recent much ado about it is much ado about nothing. This world of ours of time and change and chance yields no event for us to experience and none for us to conceive except as arising out of another going before and merging into another coming after. What, then, can anything be, save an expression of something else, an effect pointing to a cause behind it? Not only art, everything, is expression. Everything; including the criticisms of Messrs. Sherman, Babbitt, Brooks and Brownell. In this world of chance and change and time, where new things are constantly coming to be out of old things, everything is creative; the criticism of the moralists no less than the criticism of the expressionists.

But—creation and expression are the merest beginnings of the story. The history and significance of any work of man are eventual, not constitutive. They accrue to it after it has been expressed or created, and there is nothing predestined or inevitable in the accretion. Chance and fortune play no mean rôles in it; its maker's purpose or its critic's good intentions are no more than starting points in its career, whose changes may alter its direction and transform its nature beyond all recognition by the first intention that made it or the first insight that envisaged it. For it happens into a world with which its fitness is not a forgone conclusion, but a hazardous achievement. It becomes one more item in a fluxful crush of competing groups, institutions, and individuals whose alignments, shifting ever into new patterns, make up all the life that society possesses; and among them it must establish its place, and with them struggle to maintain this place. Those which it fits will initiate it into their community; those it clashes against will reject it. Its function and status will arise out of these dual activities of initiation and rejection. Such beauty or ugliness as is attributed to it will accrue from these relationships; so also such goodness or truth or their opposites. These relationships, it cannot be too often repeated, are not intrinsic but adventitious. They are uses, modifications of fortune and status. And intrinsically, nothing has a use; everything simply becomes. Uses are eventual, special and propitious relationships betwen different things, and beauty supervenes on them as their integration upon a system of interests. Criticism is what occurs at the critical point in an event's history where initiation, rejection or integration takes place.

The standards and methods of the critics are as wide and as varied as the groups whose organs of expression they willy-nilly are. The cross-fire of their disputation is but one of the battle-noises of the classes and sects into which mankind are patterned, the one which is dialectically projected as an "æsthetic philosophy," or a theory of life. Only a vicious abstractionism, an æsthetic and moral imperialism will demand to reduce their multitude and variety to one only method and one only form. Only a reforming zeal, a dogmatism as arbitrary and puritanical on its own behalf as traditional Puritanism is on its, will require to legislate what interests shall rule a critic, what vision he shall follow or what method he shall apply. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks is of the Genro of the Younger Generation; but he is a critic with as reformist an ardor as Mr. Stuart Sherman. Mr. Joel Spingarn is the chief, and happily perhaps, the only major, prophet in America of the revamped and italianate neo-Hegelisms of the dialectician Croce; but

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is he therefore less eager a missionary than that puritanical mossback from the academic Main Street, Mr. Irving Babbitt? As for Mr. Mencken; is there anybody but Mr. Sumner who can match his drive and forthrightness as a preacher and reformer? It is in the direction of their reforms that they are opposed; not in the urge to reform.

Criticism, seen truly and seen whole, appears as a labile and indefinite enterprise engaging all kinds and varieties of men, and developing, under the organizing pressure of the various social forces of which it is an expression and to which it is a response, into a definite institutional organ of industrial culture. The men engaged in it have their loose hierarchies, from the sophomore making his start on a daily paper to the colyumnist seeing his finish there; and from the colyumnist to the high churchmen and metaphysicians of the craft, the Menckens, the Babbitts, the Brooks et al. Each bears his part in an enterprise that is not an essence which can be deduced from general principles, but a patterned aggregation of so many similar activities of as many different individuals; activities going on in a world in which business, science, politics, fashion, disease, war, religion and what not else ineluctably interpenetrate with the arts and letters. They cannot, without artificiality and violence, be separated out in such a way that a residue called art may in fact be left. Unfortunately for those desiring or asserting such a separation, it happens that the arts, and therefore criticism, are significant precisely in the degree in which they are conversant with exactly those to-be-rejected matters. Criticism is like politics and critics are like politicians, with their regularities, insurgencies, hypocrisies, platforms, sincerities and philosophies; with their practice of claiming exclusive integrity to the pretensions of their own party and compromising as practical men with the integrities of whatever others are powerful enough to force recognition. There is no mystery about politics, however, and no sacerdotalism about the politician. We automatically discount the claims of parties and partisans to be the sole bearers of political salvation. But for obvious reasons, critics carry a priestly aurea about themselves; criticism is distended with a large sizing of mystification and hokum in the shape of "æsthetic philosophy" and the like; its position of authority naturally makes it pontifical. The arts and their criticism are all too often suffused therefore with that familiar dim religious light on which authority most thrives. 'Nuff sed.

And where, finally, in all this ratiocination, does America come in? America, alas, does not come in, except accidentally, and by way of illustration. It is true that Mr. Van Wyck Brooks and Mr. Stuart Sherman and Mr. Ernest Boyd devote essays to the land, and the other members of the galaxy take pains to declare its deficiencies in the line of criticism. But that is all by the way. There is no real specification of the status and function of criticism in America. The argument is a confrontation of opposed philosophies of art criticism whose range is, of course, universal and whose validity is independent of time, place and circumstance. We are permitted to infer the implications for America of these universals.

This, in my view, is most unfortunate. The events of criticism are unhappily no more amenable to universals than any other social occurrences. They cannot be deduced from general rules, even though they are general rules themselves. To exhibit the function and status of criticism in the United States would require the exhibition and analysis of the specific sequence of the critical literature of the country from the first, with its processes and permutations in the complex of the national life of which they are an active and activated part, and of whose tradition they are, with its other dynamic units, co-makers. Perhaps one generalization would emerge from such a study, perhaps many. But only such a study, empirical, particularistic, genetic and inductive, could envisage the status and function of criticism in the America as fact. What Mr. Spingarn and his moralizing fellow-reformers set up is legislation for description and prescription for analysis.

H. M. KALLEN.

# A Note on Ulysses

ONE of the most curious indirect effects of the appearance of Ulysses was to show that in literature our age was far more opulent and revolutionary than one had thought. It not only threw open a new kingdom of life in doing so; it gave a key to a body of literature already in existence which prophesied in dim terms the advent of that kingdom. It breathed meaning into works which were to most people without significance and yet interesting, they did not know why. It gave a richer content to the poetry of writers like Miss Edith Sitwell, whose genius people acknowledged while it puzzled them, and to that of Mr. T. S. Eliot, who seemed to be penetrating more deeply into pedantic and barren places of the mind and did this by revealing encyclopædically the uncharted province on which they had been working; but chiefly it provided in itself a central work in whose shadow the lesser achievements of the age shone for the first time with their full lustre. It put Mr. Sherwood Anderson, Miss Dorothy Richardson, Mr. Robert Graves, Mrs. Virginia Woolf, and half-a-dozen other writers in their places, and it gave them a rank higher than as solitary, unrelated peaks they would have had, making possible for the first time a real criticism of their work; for Ulysses was the earliest assertion in art of the value by which they were to be appraised. It gave a new prominence to Mr. D. H. Lawrence, whom most people had regarded as the alternative to Mr. Joyce: he re-appeared, in spite of Ulysses, and because of it, a great writer, less than his rival, but somehow by the individuality of his expression evading comparison. And the more formal but exquisite talents of the time—Mr. Lytton Strachey, Mr. David Garnett,—sparkled more convincingly now that we could regard them as ornaments rather than luminaries. One great writer and an abundance of brilliant but secondary talents is enough to make what is called in literature a great period, and by virtue of these the literature of the English speaking peoples is more opulent at present than it has been for fifty years. The generation of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, Mr. Conrad and Mr. Bennett could show no book like Ulysses, no figure like Mr. Lawrence; it had nothing of the first rank. Our age possesses a work of the first rank and, what is almost as important, a number of works of the second and third.

Ulysses showed the direction in which literature for ten years had been moving; it showed also the direction, or rather some of the directions, in which, perhaps for ten times ten, it will move. Into it various currents, Irish, cosmopolitan, personal, came together, and out of it they issued again clarified and transformed. Analysing Ulysses one could have drawn a chart of the future of literature, showing not only what would be attempted, but also what with good luck would be achieved; or rather one could have

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done so if among the various streams collected together in Ulysses there had not been one, and the most potent, which, mingling with the others, changed them, contributed to them something occult. This was Mr. Joyce's genius, over which nobody but himself had control. For the rest he not only hammered out a new grammar of literary art in Ulysses; he discovered a new field of æsthetic experience (a field on which others had labored without knowing what it was); and to describe it he invented a magic of speech unessayed for centuries, and never before essayed so consciously. It was because he went back so far to the fundamentals of art that his book had its enigmatic, primal atmosphere, and seemed, in spite of its modernity, hoary with years. One did not know whether to be astonished most by Mr. Joyce's systematic method or his discoveries, by his discoveries or his inventions. As a conscious practician of art he was not only accomplished, he was masterly; as a discoverer of hidden riches he was as mighty in his own field as Dostoyevsky was in his; in his evocation of the hidden magic of words he stood by himself. He renewed both the subject-matter of literature and the speech in which artists would for some time express it. He found the language for which Mr. George Moore made an unsuccessful voyage to Dublin, but which was there, and in other parts of the world, all the time. He evoked in certain collocations of words a malignant necromancy such as poets have found in certain landscapes, calling out their hidden evil. That his magic was always black magic was the chief sign of his limitation as an artist. He was concerned with the roots of life and not with its flowering; and where life has not yet blossomed, where the unconscious has not yet freed and attenuated itself in the conscious, as for example in the lives of primitive peoples, in our dreams, in our blind desires, all magic is black magic. Mr. Joyce went over the conscious life of men like a plough and showed the richness of the soil; and Ulysses gives us the sense of black magic which ploughed fields sometimes evoke. This feeling is probably a racial memory of times which saw the birth of magic, when the blackness of the upturned earth was an image to men of blasphemous violation and of inexplicable increase.

But everything in Ulysses has this mythical quality, and the humor is, like that of primitive peoples, the humor of size. Whatever validity there may be philosophically in Mr. Joyce's symbolical construction, in which each part of the book represents an organ of the human body, and the whole the human form divine, its humorous virtues are so clear that they leap out and strike the eye. Mr. Bloom is conceived on such an extravagant scale that he gives the effect of one of those Brobdignagians who to Gulliver must have had the appearance of a landscape with spreading plains, rising peaks, thick woods and flowing streams. Now and then a single feature springs into grotesque prominence; we regard a nose as big as the side of a mountain, we climb over it, survey it, measure it; we see cheeks swelling like hills, eyes gleaming like lakes, the mouth a vast red crevice with a horrible potency for opening and becoming a bottomless gulf. To regard things in this way was a secret of primitive humor, and it found expression in the preoccupation of early man with giants and with the vast creatures which we call dragons; for these had an aspect comical as well as dreadful. It is the method which Mr. Joyce practises on Leopold Bloom, going back here, also, to the sources of æsthetic emotion. In Ulysses he has sounded, for the first time since Rabelais, all the stops of humor; and Mr. Bloom is one of the greatest comic figures in literature, as great as Falstaff. He is humorous not only in the tricks of his temperament and his mind, but like Falstaff in those of his body; and it is an artistic heresy to hold that the body is unworthy the regard of the comic spirit, and that Falstaff's belly had any less right to æsthetic expression than the lids of Juno's eyes. As a comic figure Mr. Bloom is so completely, so magnificently shown, that in regarding him we seem to be watching at its play the mystical humor of the processes of life. Mr. Joyce has pursued comedy down to its source, penetrating to the cells, to the dust out of which man rises. Through its minuteness his humor attains the cosmical, and gives one the feeling that not only men could feel warmed by it, but all the forms of that nature in which copulation and reproduction are so omnipotent. It is a humor entirely of the earth, as perhaps all humor is.

It is a humor, too, in which extravagance is reinstated after being banished for a long time as childish and contrary to mature taste. In primitive humor there is always something outrageous, and the humorist not only discloses the foibles and indecencies of his audience but flaunts his own, piling them up in a mountain and squatting upon it. This humor was an intellectual parody of the saturnalia, a little more wild in its imaginary excesses than the original. It was a great emotional and intellectual release, and it carried with it a total abnegation of dignity. Later came the comic artist who in making his audience laugh retained a sober countenance, admitting no fellowship with the frailties and lusts which in describing he satirised or excused. This has been the fashion of the last three centuries, a polite fashion in which the original flavor of humor was refined away. Comedy in this style amused men and made them resigned to their lot, thus fulfilling both a social and an ethical purpose; but it no longer gave them release. It was something different from humor in its first rude state, its means restraint and economy where originally they had been extravagance and grotesque abundance. Disregarding the fashion of centuries Mr. Joyce has recaptured the boundlessness of primitive humor and has set laughter back on its roots. He has not been ashamed to play the clown, to resurrect the mock-heroic, which everybody thought was safely buried, and to practise parody, which nobody considered a form worth the notice of an artist of serious purpose. And to all these he has given new significance, proving their possibilities, carrying them by that sheer courage which is intuition to a plane where they reach cosmic absurdity. The part of Ulysses where the thoughts of Gerty MacDowell are presented in the manner of a penny novelette is not only parody; it is a unique and poignant form of expression, a doubly indirect, a multiple utterance, in which almost everything is left to be implied and the triteness of the words conceals half-a-dozen meanings, some of them of an ethereal beauty. In handling subject-matter so trivial and so hackneyed as this Mr. Joyce shows most clearly the originality of his mind and the incisiveness of his art. His parodies of the daily newspapers do not merely amuse; they evoke a gigantic image of the fatuity of the mind. Things which we accept with an ineradicable laziness as modes he portrays as aspects of a profound folly, a still more profound stupidity; and, recognizing that it is not the press but the human intellect that he is parodying, we are not merely diverted, we are amazed. He uses parody as a means of anatomising the mind, showing that it, too, has its absurdities, its gigantic humors, as

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unavoidable, in spite of its dignity, as those of the body; and by an extravagance calculated in its seeming excess he reaches the essential in a new way. And he has discovered anew the mystical power of extravagance in itself, scarcely recognized by anyone since Rabelais; and in the pub scene he has carried it to the length where nonsense has a meaning.

But as if in doing all these things he had not done enough he has described clearly for the first time the realm only half-glimpsed by writers such as Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mr. Sherwood Anderson and Miss Dorothy Richardson. He has revealed the swarming world of sub-conscious and half-conscious thoughts which constitute three-fourths of our life, and he has shown that it has a magical and excessive beauty. In hardly any other work of modern times is there such an overpowering sense of the inexhaustibility of human life, a sense of richness which may well be too strong for the literati. Whether he has succeeded in articulating completely a new world in a new language one cannot yet say; one feels that here and there he has won only an approximate success; but that he has achieved so much is astonishing. He has made at least a rough anatomy of the dark god whom Mr. Lawrence sees only in glimpses and mentions only in hints; and if the outline is cloudy it is chiefly because the lineaments are huge. In Ulysses the total articulation of the sub-conscious body of man is obscured by the separate features, but by study if not by intuition they can be put together. The separate merits of the book we can apprehend immediately as we apprehend anything that in art is beautiful, but to appreciate its total beauty we have to draw upon reflection.

This fault Ulysses has; it has another which is more serious. For such a huge and multifarious work it is too continuously on one key. Rabelais, whom Mr. Joyce recalls constantly, wrote encyclopædically and minutely of the physical part of man, but he wrote also of man's spiritual part, giving it, too, its due tribute; and this is what makes Rabelais so humanly satisfying. Mr. Joyce is encyclopædic; he is learnedly minute; his book is, what Rabelais's works were not, firmly and severely constructed; but he is not satisfying for us, simply because one part of life he almost completely ignores; and by its lack of relief Ulysses sometimes oppresses us: the complementary part of our nature is interdicted expression. Mr. Joyce's masterpiece has neither the breadth nor the sanity of supreme comic art; its richness is not quite that of nature: the atmosphere is overheated, and the horizon is too narrow for the objects which are crowded into it. In Ulysses life presses in too closely upon us on every side, too closely for us to see it clearly. That is as much as to say that Mr. Joyce has not won a complete artistic triumph over his subject-matter.

But this attempt is great, and his measure of success, considering the magnitude of the task, astonishing. No imaginative work of our time has in it so much of the occult and original quality of genius. In Ulysses the author has brought literary art back to its sources, and he has remained at them, drawing continuously from the fountainhead. The book has the quality which the Germans call ursprunglich; it is not a new mode of art, but rather a fundamental assertion of it. Consequently no work of our time has so completely the atmosphere and the authority of a scripture. It is the full utterance, enigmatic but not to be ignored, of one man. And like all scriptures it contains within it a principle of differentiation; many streams lead out from it, and it may well become the central point of a literature. The danger is not that it will remain unrecognized, but that in time it will overshadow every other potentiality of our age. Yet, though it may fetter the talents of a few artists, to the many it will give a clear road and their opportunity. On every side it is a beginning, and a beginning is what our generation has chiefly desired.

EDWIN MUIR.

# Barrett Wendell

*Barrett Wendell and his Letters, by M. A. De W. Howe, Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. $4.50.*

HOW unimportant a man's ideology may be in the sum total of his character was never more clearly demonstrated than by Professor Barrett Wendell. His opinions so vigorously insisted upon in conversation and personal letters, obtruding themselves too often in sober passages of his writings, were largely whimsical, whose very perversity endeared Wendell to the discerning. It is unfortunate that the record of his life prepared from his correspondence by M. A. De W. Howe, should seem to stress just those pet ideas of class, those political and social beliefs which meant least, not to himself but to those who recognized the man beneath the arabesque of temperamental opinion in which he delighted to drape himself in endless improvisation.

That Wendell admired President McKinley ("He was the most efficient and the most representative president of my time"), distrusted Rosevelt ("All people of the better sort are against him, as revolutionary and tremendously threatening to security of property"), venerated Senator Lodge ("To my mind the most admirable public man in our national Senate," 1915, "If we had a few more of such quality in control of our national affairs, our history just now would not be such a pitiful blank"), idolized Queen Victoria ("The chief earthly embodiment of what is sweetest and best and most trustworthy in human nature. Her presence in this world made all the world more safe, more justifiable in the eyes of the eternities, etc.") is not significant. These and many similar expressions of preferences and prejudices, such as his conviction that in exchanging an Eliot for a Lowell Harvard University would be the gainer, are merely the expected reactions of a mind stiffened by a certain class point of view. In general Wendell was (theoretically at least) acutely conscious of class: in a world of many changes which seemed incomprehensible and distressing he took refuge in a largely imaginary past. "The thing is to feel, so far as one can, what one's forbears have felt." And, "I feel that we Yankees are as much things of the past as any race can be. America has swept from our grasp. The future is beyond us. And we have not the great background of European tradition to console ourselves with . . . At this moment, very often, I feel a certain regret that I had not the fortune to be born fifty years earlier. Then I could eagerly have joined in the expression of faith in the future which made New England literature promise something. Now I find my temper doubtful, reactionary." But one doubts if any contemporary world would have seemed promising to Barrett Wendell, for his was the romantic temperament that can idealise freely only what is out of immediate sight. By association he belonged to that wistful band of New Englanders, who were forever looking backward to Europe for support and consolation, but unlike his friend Henry James he resolved to remain in the United States and see life out to the bitter end where he

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was born. Inevitably he took refuge in the only part of his environment that did not hurt—his own New England and its past.

Of his father he wrote, "He came of the oldest gentry of America. From the emigration about 1640, his ancestors had always married into families who foolishly or not held themselves bound by their blood to maintain the traditions of a gentle past." More and more Wendell made a cult of this "gentle past," of its remnants among "the better sort" about Boston, of the "gentleman." Even in Paris when feted as the sympathetic interpreter of the United States to France he wrote, "Imperial democracy is a tremendous fact. I think I believe in it here more confidently than amid the actual impressions of it at home." Once more at home he wrote, "We are living in an age of less liberty and less; every extension of the suffrage makes the individual less free . . . It was evil that many were once slaves of the few, if you will. It is worse evil that all should be the slaves of majorities—whatever their whims." Doubtless today it would be the "tyrannous minorities" that Wendell would fear and denounce! The effort to save the world for democracy necessarily raised qualms: of President Wilson he wrote "Certainly there is hardly a man in the country in whom I could feel much less personal confidence," which was the common opinion of Back Bay dinner tables.

That the above was not the man who will be remembered by students and colleagues and friends as a singularly lovable and unusual personality is obvious. Other aspects of Wendell occasionally flash even from the mass of personal correspondence—the histrionic Wendell (like his younger brother) acting in his own Elizabethan Raleigh in Guiana, the adventurer and possible soldier (he surely would have "emigrated" in 1640, if his ancestor had not saved him the bother!) delighting in struggle and clash, if not in strife—careers that he might well have flourished in had it not been for the accident of his revered "tradition." If a decorous account of his life might not be expected to include these latent possibilities of the character, at least more could have been made of the teacher and the craftsman that Wendell was preeminently. Through his teaching of the art of writing, both in class and in his unique English Composition, he has had a greater influence upon the craftmanship of the writer than any other American man of letters. Whatever may be said of his rhetorical formulas he spread extraordinarily by his own teaching and that of his many pupils the idea that in order to write well the writer must be consciously trained and take pains. The immense effort put forth in American schools and colleges to teach the art of writing is more directly attributable to Barrett Wendell than to any other. If in his old age he seems to have lost faith in the method, this was but the fag of thirty and more years in the class room and office: the ideal stands. It was an ideal of unremitting industry, of practice and pains. And a vivid realisation that the least of expression may yet be creation.

The reverse effort of interpreting the creation of literature in terms of humanity, as it was begotten, owes hardly less to the example and the practice of Barrett Wendell. He came into teaching at Harvard at a time when the lure of the German doctorate threatened to submerge altogether the teaching of belles lettres in the very sanctuary of American letters, and almost alone he proclaimed and testified that in literature as in life the spirit is more than the word, because the spirit is first. He accomplished this in a personal manner, swaggeringly, passionately, often belittling his own very real acquisitions in scholarship. Thus he created at Harvard one of those traditional personalities that the transformation of the American university into a laboratory of technology is fast making impossible. He was one of a few very real academic "characters" of the last generation, with a rich flavor, personal and eccentric, that youth delights in, loves and remembers . . . Of these more professional aspects of Barrett Wendell, too much abridged in the present record of him in favor of trivial exchanges and amiable social relationships, two passages may be cited, one written at the opening of his career as teacher, in 1887, and the other at its close:

> Over-refinement is the curse of the century—in virtue as in vice. Virility—the broad human courage that takes the world and the tasks of life as they are given to us, that knows temptations and pleasures and duties, that fights and struggles and wins and fails is more to seek than it used to be . . . There is no calling so mean that it cannot be followed with a firm purpose to follow it well. And one condition of sanely vigorous life is that there shall not be too much preliminary thinking."

To Prof. E. K. Rand in 1920:

> Now nobody knows better than I that I am no scholar, and therefore no consequence to learning. Yet one thing I did in my teaching seems to me right. I tried to make pupils read things, and not weight their unsteady heads with things that had been written about things—historic, linguistic, whatever else. My task as a Harvard teacher was to give glimpses of literature to men who generally would not be concerned with it in practical life. That I never forgot. Any scholar can help to make scholars; but lots fail in the process to humanise. My real duty, as I saw it, was not scholarly but humane.

It was this vivid, persistent sense of humanity in literature as in life that made Barrett Wendell the figure he was.

ROBERT HERRICK.

# A People's Houses

*Sticks and Stones, A Study of American Architecture and Civilization, by Lewis Mumford. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.*

DURING its picturesque career from the stern and rock-bound coast of the Pilgrim settlements to the steel-bound sky line of New York, the American people has dwelt in a great variety of houses. The houses, indeed, have been no less picturesque than the career. Whether each new mansion has been nobler than the last is, perhaps, open to question. No doubt each has been bigger and in a sense grander. Furthermore, ground rents, the unfailing indices of a certain sort of progress, have steadily appreciated. Mother earth is dearer if not more benign on Manhattan Island than she has ever deigned to be elsewhere. Accordingly, the landscape, the side yard of the American people, has altered no less than the dwellings that occupy it. The consequence is that these outward changes which the American establishment has successively undergone afford a record of our life history wherein the thoughtful observer will be able to read the secrets of our heart.

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In its earliest phases the civilization that was established upon these shores was distinctly mediæval. The New England farming village, with its common pasturage which survives only in the designation of a city park as Boston "Common" or in the rows of decorative elms which mark the analogus "Common" of a historic town, was really a manorial community without the manor house. Its irregular and twisting streets were not accidental cow paths. That jibe at the oldest sections of the oldest cities arises only from ignorance of the niceties of the village economy. The streets were laid out deliberately with a careful eye to the purposes they would serve and the terrain they would traverse. Each individual house, indeed, was located so as to combine the maximum convenience of access to the outlying farm land with the maximum protection from prevailing winds. The dwellings themselves were simple as houses must be which are the direct creations of master-builders working without plans, and compact as the comfort of the occupants required in an inclement climate when central heating was not even a dream of the future. Of decoration there was very little either in the houses or in the lives conducted within their doors. Yet the purity of their design has not been equalled since. In harmony not only of line and mass but of material, use, and habit, in the brooding sense of deep stability, the primitive village of the seaboard colonies surpassed anything that has followed it.

Indeed, what has followed has been the mongrel civilization of an era of transition. Mr. Lewis Mumford brings to the study of our architectural record just such special skill and contemplative intelligence as are necessary for its interpretation. Architecture, to him, is not a matter of blue prints and elevations, nor even of the handful of showy buildings disposed about the public square like gift china upon a plate rail. It is the total expression in building of a civilization. In describing its houses he describes the people. If his analysis is sound, the degeneration of American architecture has been brought about by three principal forces: cities, machinery and eclectic sophistication. All three were perhaps inevitable. Certainly the mediæval civilization which gave form and order to the earliest American life was already crumbling when its transplantation to the new world occurred; otherwise the transplantation would not have occurred. Moreover, the first break in the isolated security of American village life was bound to come about through the accumulation of riches and the inevitable appetite of the well-to-do for the newer amenities of Europe. It makes little difference in the end that the classical style imported during the eighteenth century produced excellent and harmonious buildings; that the southern classic-colonial villa accorded well with the conditions of life of the land-owning, slave-holding planter who was, indeed, not a very different fellow from the Roman plantation owner who built the architype of the southern manor house. The classic mode was nevertheless superimposed. It was at odds with the modern requirements of light and air. It was incapable of general development. And it was accordingly corrupted with other styles of decoration, also imported, through which American building became increasingly unveracious, mixed, ephemeral, sometimes even exotic.

Veracity, indeed, was no longer possible. The town was rapidly becoming a great city, while the house itself was undergoing a still more extraordinary metamorphosis from a building into a machine. The conditions of urban life combined to crowd the dwellings even of the princes of American commerce into solid rows of city tenements distinguished, architecturally, only by their brown-stone fronts, or, as Mr. Mumford calls it, their "imperial façade." Meantime, the introduction of increasingly elaborate plumbing and heating arrangements and the later development of structural steel construction as the prevailing mode in all buildings of any size have served to make the new mechanical interior and the old architectural exterior quite irrelevant to one another. "A modern building is an establishment devoted to the manufacture of light, the circulation of air, the maintenance of a uniform temperature, and the vertical transportation of its occupants." The modern creation of structural steel is not a building at all in the established sense of the word. It is not built from the ground up. The steel frame is rivetted together like a piece of engineering and the exterior surface is hung upon it, literally a dressing of brick or stone. The product of this technology is the "draped cube." The architect has been crowded out by the engineer.

A man who had found a god worthy his worship in the infinite precision of machinery might face this outcome with equanimity. Very well, then, he would say, let's see what the engineer can do. But Mr. Mumford dislikes machinery acutely. Therefore, though he concedes the superiority of the Brooklyn Bridge to any edifice of the machine age, he inclines to sigh for a return to proper building. The suggestion of a building-machine in which even the external dressing had been finally assimilated to the structural technique would not move him to enthusiasm, any more than a scheme for resolving the chaotic monotony of the rows of city houses by the application of a single architectural scheme to an entire block, making each block a continuous and harmonious structure inhabited by some thousands of individuals. For one thing, Mr. Mumford retains from his Freeman days a single-taxing predilection for recapturing the open country by eliminating all site values.

That being the case, the alleviations which he holds out all take the form of escapes from the consequences of modern life: the garden city, the mechanically independent rural community, the household of varied occupation transformed rather than eliminated by the machine technique. That is, of course, alluring. Yet if Mr. Mumford's logic is sound it must be discounted for its essential unreality and unveracity. All talk of the handicraftsman returning to his autonomous carving upon stone is now essentially unveracious. By the logic of history which Mr. Mumford states so well, ours has become an urban mechanical civilization. The question is not how can we escape it, but what will we do with it.

C. E. Ayres.

# Some Lines On Mr. Arlen

DIKRAN KOUYOUMDJIAN, who calls himself Michael Arlen—in order, as he explains, that his readers "may refer to him in the same manner at least twice running"—is undoubtedly the literary Pierrot of the minute. A succes d'estime with a few esoteric readers, begun some five years ago by the personal causerie of The London Venture and sustained by the sentimental tales of The Romantic Lady and the even more sentimental novel Piracy, was consolidated last year by These Charming People, a sheaf of stories garnered from magazines. This year, The Green Hat has surpassed all records by the persistence with which it has held the lead among best sellers. More than that, it has carried with it Mr. Arlen's earlier

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work, so that he has the effect of "calling" the public with the commanding gesture of throwing five books on the table at once—a flush beyond question, even if the denomination of the cards is doubtful.

This concurrence of printed matter has its advantages. We learn to know the author very quickly and completely. And he is an engaging figure, this gay Armenian, seen without the background of his martyred nation. He is not one of those grudging writers like Swift or Wordsworth, who keep their secrets, but rather of the genial type of Sterne and Goldsmith and George Moore who give themselves fully. With equal promptness we learn to know his companions, his mistresses, his familiar haunts—the world, in short, where he lives and finds material. It is the geographical world of London letters, from Mayfair to Soho, the smart world of day clubs and night clubs and charming people whose incomes are "over ten thousand a year," who know their way about and speak a combination of epigram and very modern slang.

Mr. Arlen's own style is the summary of his qualities and the epitome of his world. "Discretion is the better part of an indiscretion"; "Clever women are born with rouge on their cheeks"; "Although I like you well enough as a man I couldn't bear you as a co-respondent"; "A gentleman is never *unintentionally* rude to any one." But here the disadvantage of Mr. Arlen's simultaneous appearance becomes apparent. Five volumes at once is too much. His originality is not equal to the test. Repetition of names, plots, characters, as well as of epigrams, gives him the effect of plagiarizing himself. One discovers that his quality, admirable in a liqueur glass, becomes intolerable in a stein; piquant if concentrated for a few palates, it becomes vulgar when diluted to slake the thirst of multitudes.

Of Mr. Arlen's books, The London Venture is the most winning and These Charming People the most elegant in its artificial grace. In The Green Hat he has brought together all that he has learned by previous experiment with his public. His heroine is the woman who as Shelmerdine has played opposite him in the combination of sexual farce and melodrama which he has made his genre. Iris March makes a dashing entrance into her story, with her yellow motor car and her green hat bravely worn, pour the sport. She whips the nerves of readers weary of women perfectly groomed for the literary drawing room by that "threepenny bit of flesh just above the heel of her left shoe," by her hand "faintly dirty" which "smelt dimly of petrol and cigarettes, and a scent whose name I shall never know." By sheer bravura she carries us through the adventure which begins in the riot of a London night-club and proceeds through the sinister hospital at Paris, to the conclusion where yellow motor-car and green hat are the instrument and the symbol of tragedy. But when the mystery of her life is revealed as the romantic sacrifice of her reputation to preserve the legend of the purity of her husband, who waited until his wedding night to cure syphilis with suicide —this surely is too much. Mr. Arlen has over-bet his hand, and only the stupefaction of his public allows him to get away with it.

In all that he has written, we recognize Mr. Arlen as the inheritor of acquired characteristics. His epigram is of Oscar Wilde; his causerie is of George Moore; the kick in his stories is of Kipling and O'Henry. But there is more remote ancestry which the historian will trace if Mr. Arlen should in the future become an object of research. A hundred years ago the age, like our own, was one of disenchantment after the illusions of romance and war. The heroic figures set in motion by Scott and Byron had become outmoded; the public was eager for something of the zest of life in the here and now. Then as today the feet of the young men were heard at the gate. Bulwer and Disraeli were at hand to supplant Manfred and Ivanhoe with Pelham and Vivian Grey. There is a striking likeness between these autobiographical heroes and Mr. Michael Arlen. What is the use, they said, of romantic sorrow over

> old, unhappy, far-off things
> And battles long ago,

when there is a present to be explored and enjoyed? Why abandon society in misanthropic scorn when it offers itself to such easy conquest? Bulwer in Pelham or the Adventures of a Gentleman, made much the same impression on his public that Mr. Arlen does, teaching angels to tread fearlessly, and commanding allegiance by pure effrontery. Only a man of distinction dares to wear simple black for evening dress, wrote Pelham's mother, whereupon Pelham wore black and the world followed him. Pelham's foppery and cynicism, his concern with clothes, food, and behavior, which the world called dandyism, are an anticipation of Arlen's heroes. His epigrams are of the same coinage, though they fall with a flatter ring. His gentlemanly adventures, such as that with the Duchess of Perpignan who begs him to wear her chain for two hours in the Tuileries Gardens, thus exposing him to a duel, are the sort in vogue among Mr. Arlen's charming people.

The parallel between Mr. Arlen and Disraeli is even closer. Like Disraeli he suffers from a handicap of race and carries off his self-consciousness with a swagger. "And when I write a novel"—he says in The London Venture—"the quality I shall desire in it will be, well, fastidiousness . . . I come from the East; I shall go to the East; I shall try to strike the literary mean between the East and the West in me—between my Eastern mind and Western understanding. It will be a great adventure." But in the same book he admits that his nationality is a faux pas, and he lets one of these charming people, Lord Tarlyon, remark "that no one would say he was an Armenian if he wasn't." Like Disraeli he is necessarily an arriviste in the world of Englishmen, the world of public schools and universities, clubs and country-houses, which he looks on with admiration and desire, which with his Oriental imagination he can turn into an Arabian Nights entertainment, dazzling the people whose inheritance it is with its unsuspected richness and splendor. Like Disraeli, he is an adept in rendering sensuous appeals, the scent of flowers (crushed orchids by preference), the rhythm of music (jazz for choice), the taste of wine and food. Like him, he has a strong feeling for the smartness of smart society—the *ton* is an expression which appears frequently in the pages of both. He is a man of the world in the English sense, which means Paris. He is a connoisseur of social behavior and speech in the Corinthian style. The advertisement of These Charming People, "This book will be your book of mental etiquette," might have been the boast of the publishers of Vivian Grey, if the latter had been born with a jacket. And finally, Michael Arlen has even less respect than Disraeli for the grammar of an alien people. "It reminded you of a scent tangled in the hair of she with whom you last danced to that rhythm." It is the last insolence.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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# Monarchy on the Offensive

*Maximilan und Charlotte von Mexico, by Egon Caesar Conte Corti. Two volumes. Vienna: Amalthea Verlag.*

MAXIMILIAN once more! We have had countless records of his exploits. One might almost say that every diplomat connected with the project and every soldier who took part in the expedition has left his story or his papers. Over two hundred such works are listed by the author of these new volumes, and many more could have been added without much difficulty. The reason is obvious, for Maximilian's career is a tragedy fit for the stage.

Surely there is no lack of the dramatic. You have, on the one hand, the hero and the heroine, the young prince charming and his beautiful wife, both of them so charged with ambition that they fall easy victims to the machinations of intrigues, of whom each has his own axe to grind and is none too scrupulous as to whose grindstone he uses. Above all, the plot itself is as complicated as the plot of the most woolly melodrama and the stakes are well worth a gambler's chance. The future of a nation, not to say of a continent, hangs in the balance.

This story of "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself" has been told so often and from every conceivable angle, so that offhand one would say there can be no excuse for another biography of Maximilian. And yet this new essay of Count Corti's is bound to take rank immediately with the most important literature on the subject. For, curiously enough, we have all along lacked the weightiest evidence, the papers and correspondence of the chief actor—Maximilian himself. Only the merest chance saved them for posterity, for had not the Emperor, in a moment of human weakness, sent them on board ship at Vera Cruz before he took up the desperate struggle with fate, they would probably never have reached the Hapsburg family archives in Vienna. Even then they have been carefully guarded from that day to this, and only the vicissitudes of war, only the collapse of the Hapsburg Empire, have made them accessible to the historian. It must be confessed that Count Corti struck one of the richest finds in Vienna when he ran across these papers, so numerous that, for the first time, they enable the student accurately to trace the whole affair.

Count Corti has wisely confined himself to a narrative of the Mexican Expedition from Maximilian's point of view, and has thrown chief emphasis on those aspects which are particularly illuminated by the new material. As a result he has substantially altered many of our conceptions. This applies particularly to his account of how the whole business originated. Hitherto we have been accustomed to trace the story to the Swiss banker, Jecker, who in 1859 lent some four million francs to President Miramon in return for upward of seventy-five million francs in Mexican bonds. These bonds Juarez later refused to pay, whereupon Jecker approached the illegitimate brother of Napoleon III., the disreputable Duc de Morny, who, in return for a promise of thirty percent of the profits, undertook to inveigle the French Emperor into intervening in Mexico.

This story seems to be substantially true, at least so far as Jecker and Morny are concerned. But careful historians have long since recognized that there must have been more to the plot than this nasty intrigue. Otherwise why should Napoleon have torn up the London Agreement, deserted his allies and proceeded to the conquest of Mexico? The explanations advanced are numerous: There was Napoleon himself with his exaggerated belief in the idea of nationalism and his ambitions for extending French influence and commerce over the whole world. More important yet, there was the Empress Eugenie, the Spanish woman, with her attachment to her countrymen in the new world and with her devotion to the Catholic Church, for which Juarez was showing very little consideration. No one has doubted Eugenie's responsibility and Count Corti too accepts it after adducing new evidence.

Admitting that these were potent factors, who actually suggested an intervention and the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico? Was it Morny or was it some one else? Maximilian's papers leave no doubt. It was not Morny. The thing goes much further back. In 1822 there had been an Emperor in Mexico and at that time the European Powers were considering all sorts of schemes for setting up more monarchies in South America in case the Spanish colonies could not be reconquered for the motherland. The idea evidently had some supporters among the Mexicans, but they were driven into exile after the overthrow of Iturbide and formed in Europe a small colony of die-hards always on the lookout for an opportunity to further their principles, or rather their personal interests.

Most persistent of these irreconciliables was a certain Gutierrez, compared to whom Prince Metternich would appear as a radical. Even the devout Eugenie, when later she met him, thought his return to Mexico would seem to the natives like the reappearance of the Inquisition. It seemed to her as though Philip II had risen from the dead and was conversing with her. It was this relic of the past who, though he had not seen his native land for twenty years, persistently maintained that all Mexicans of note desired an empire, and it was he who finally convinced the gullible Maximilian that the oppressed Mexicans were yearning for the blessings of an ultramontane monarchy.

Gutierrez seems at least to have been sincere. The same can not be said for Hidalgo, a clever young rascal who made good use of his early acquaintance with Eugenie to press the idea of intervention. His chief concern was less for the Mexicans than for his personal estates. It must be admitted that Hidalgo knew how to set his trap. When speaking to Eugenie he could hold forth eloquently about the Latin races and about the Church, and when speaking to Napoleon he could touch the responsive chord with unfailing certainty. Both he and Gutierrez knew the feelings of European monarchs in regard to the United States. As early as 1846, at the time of the Mexican War, Gutierrez had presented to Metternich a memorandum in which he argued: The conservative monarchical principles of Europe should be strengthened in America, so that the disruptive principles of the Republic, whose unbridled ambition knows no bounds and which has already caused enormous harm in the rest of America, might not spread to Europe. Europe must not support the domination and preponderance of the United States. "If the European powers spare the feelings of this aggressive colossus, this giant, who is erroneously regarded as still a child, how shall they later defend themselves against the steadily growing demands of American commerce and American industry?" Hidalgo argued in the same way and already in 1858 had convinced Eugenie that "sooner or later France would have to wage war with the Americans," whose ambition is to destroy Latin influence in America and extend their commerce over the world by dominating both oceans. And his arguments told on Napoleon as well. In 1858 the Emperor was already morally won to the idea of intervention in Mexico.

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Only the Italian War forced him to postpone the project. All this was before Jecker was ever heard of. The dislike of Napoleon for the United States was deeply rooted. We never forgave the Man of December for overthrowing the Second Republic, and he in turn was biding his time to pay us his compliments. He probably would have intervened against the North during the Civil War if England had been willing to join him. In any case the war offered a favorable opportunity for an attempt on Mexico, which was to become an "insurmountable barrier" against aggression by the United States. The object of the expedition, he wrote in 1861, is to rescue a continent from anarchy and misery, to give to all America the example of good government, and finally to raise high the banner of Monarchy in the face of dangerous utopias and bloody strife.

To carry out his ambitious schemes Napoleon could hardly have found a more willing accomplice than Maximilian, a young man who had never forgiven fate for having allowed him to be born a second son. On bad terms with his older brother, disgusted with the way things were going in Austria, and above all anxious to play a big rôle in life, Maximilian was so fascinated with the idea of wearing a crown that he willfully ignored the countless warnings sent him by statesmen and men of affairs. Like Napoleon he was a man whose imagination ran riot with him. Even before he had accepted the throne he was revolving in his mind schemes of the greatest grandeur. His younger brother was to marry the heiress of the Emperor of Brazil and so the foundations of a new Hapsburg Empire were to be laid in the New World. This plan fell flat, but Maximilian took it up again in a modified form shortly after his arrival in Mexico, long before he was sure of his own footing. In the new version a few Mexican provinces were to be sacrified to the United States in return for a free hand in Central America, which Mexico was to annex as far as and including Panama. In pursuance of these projects an agent was sent to make a beginning in Guatemala, and soon after Charlotte herself paid a visit to Yucatan, armed with instructions in which her imaginative husband said: "Our destiny demands that the Mexican Empire become the central power of the new continent, while the domination of the North is left to the United States and that of the South to the Brazilian Empire."

I have enlarged on this point, because it is necessarily of chief interest to Americans and because it is one more chapter in the story of the conflict of the monarchical and republican principles—a struggle that characterizes the whole nineteenth century and one in which, I venture to say, the monarchs were by no means always on the defensive. Here, certainly, it was decidedly a case of monarchy on the offensive.

As we see it now, Maximilian never had a chance. Both he and Napoleon underestimated the difficulties. Neither would believe that Mexico was a "hornet's nest." There was no substantial monarchical party in Mexico, there were too many would-be saviors, each bent on doing the job in his own way and on reaping his own advantage. He might have added that incidentally the Mexicans were not anxious to be saved. The whole thing was a failure from the start and it is easy to enumerate the reasons for the final debacle. Most telling perhaps was the attitude of the United States, which from the start left no doubt of its hostility. Then there were complications in Europe which were bound to influence Napoleon. Maximilian's own blundering policy had no little to do with it. But above all, it is clear from this new book that the fundamental weakness lay in an initial misunderstanding between the principals: Napoleon regarded Maximilian merely as a convenient tool in furthering French schemes. Maximilian, on the other hand, was too much of a man to play such a rôle. There are situations in which a man of character is bound to fail because he has too much character. The result was endless friction with the French commanders, notably Bazaine, innumerable accusations and counter-accusations and finally conflicting actions. And all along Maximilian, who refused to be a mere agent, was regarded as such by the outside world and suffered from the hostility of France's rivals. Willy-nilly, the Archduke of Austria, had become the Archduke of France, as the joke went.

The book is admirably planned and very well written. All through it runs a personal touch which was impossible so long as Maximilian's own papers were not available. Count Corti has a peculiar knack of making the most of his opportunities and in the chapters dealing with Charlotte's interviews with Napoleon and the Pope and with her tragic end, as well as in the chapters dealing with Maximilian's downfall and death he has risen to the situation and has penned scenes of gripping and touching beauty. There are voluminous quotations from the correspondence all the way through and the book is enriched with contemporary portraits and with facsimiles of letters. For the benefit of the historian the letters exchanged between Napoleon and Maximilian, and between Eugenie and Charlotte are printed in extenso in the appendices. Taken all in all the book is a first rate contribution to American History and one which tends to emphasize the close connection between our own country and Europe, a connection too frequently ignored by those who think we have lived in seclusion and ought to remain in isolation.

WILLIAM L. LANGER.

# Anti-Humanism

*Speculations, by T. E. Hulme; edited by Herbert Read. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $3.75.*

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In Speculations we have the fragments of a philosophy in the making; but its outline and temper are plain; and we perhaps see the animus that moved Mr. Hulme all the more clearly because the thoughts themselves have not yet been put into conventional costumes. These essays have the untouched rudeness of a soliloquy: dry, hard, chunky, they have as little to recommend them from a literary standpoint as a demonstration in geometry. Mr. Hulme would not have regarded this as a defect: his æsthetic position can

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perhaps best be stated by saying that the abstract quality of a mathematical theorem was exactly what he demanded of a work of art. But this is to anticipate.

Half of Speculations is a polemic against humanism; the remainder contains Mr. Hulme's philosophy of literature, a sympathetic exposition of Bergson's æsthetic; an excellent introduction to Sorel's Reflexions on Violence, and a collection of aphorisms, called Cinders.

The criticism of humanism is central to Mr. Hulme's philosophy; and for an alternative he is driven back onto a belief in a static world of fixed values. To arrive at these conceptions, he posits a complete discontinuity between the inorganic world of mathematical and physical science, the organic world dealt with by biology, psychology, and history, and the world of ethical and religious values. In Mr. Hulme's mind, the first and third worlds had the common characteristic of being "absolute," and subject to absolute knowledge. The intermediate world of life was "a muddy mixed zone" of the concrete and the relative. In practice, the absolute in ethics, for example, is the existing body of convention and habit; but with history set aside as all-too-human Mr. Hulme could afford to forget the evanescent and relative and quite local character of his absolutes.

The humanist movement of the Renaissance was anathema to Mr. Hulme because it had broken up a set of fixed assurances and standards that had bound together a great part of Western Europe and Asia Minor since the collapse of the Roman dominion. Instead of the dogma of Original Sin, humanism had set up a belief in perfectability; instead of clinging to the external concept of God, it tended to deify man; in short, in every department of life and thought it supplanted formalism with vitalism: a belief in man's proper powers. In Michelangelo and Leonardo and Marlowe, Mr. Hulme is prepared to acknowledge that humanism had a heroic and positive aspect; but for the most part its gains seemed insecure, for the doctrine degenerated too readily into the sort of romanticism and sentimentality which Mr. Irwing Babbitt associates with Rousseau.

While many of us take the humanist scheme of values for granted, to Mr. Hulme it was false and contemptible. Man is not a god: he is a sorry animal who needs the incessant discipline of formal standards. Progress does not exist; for it impudently demands of human institutions a quality which the very nature of man denies. Art and philosophy must look upon living things only as materials for the absolute; the abstract relation, says Mr. Hulme, is more important than the things that are related. Mr. Hulme was conscious of the fact that humanism and formalism seem to recur rhythmically in the life of a people; for example, even in the formalist Middle Ages there was the so-called twelfth century Renaissance; and even in the humanist Renaissance there was the formalism of art and letters under Louis XIV. Some personal quirk, however, made Mr. Hulme think that the difference between humanism and formalism was a difference between the false and the true: he was not sufficiently the philosopher to escape the temporal bias of his philosophy!

"Sloppy," "muddy," "messy," "loose"—these are some of the adjectives Mr. Hulme applies to life and to the humanist outlook on life. He transferred to humanity a sort of perpetual sense of the "morning-after"; and one can't help reading into his philosophy an irrelevant disgust towards the drab streets and slatternly people of London, seen through the smear of a fog. Into the august categories of abstract thought, Mr. Hulme poured the spiritual biography of his generation; and the revelation is all the more complete because the philosopher was not conscious of the process. The futility, the disillusion, the sheer physical exhaustion of our age are recorded in Mr. Hulme's Speculations. Given these disabilities, his reaction was inevitable.

Humanism, it seems to me, is natural Anschaung in a period when men's powers are waxing and seem strong enough to hold the upper hand over the environment. Absolutism, on the other hand, is a convenient refuge for the mind when men are conscious of their feebleness, when the environment seems all too formidable, when the boundaries of the world must be restricted before men have the courage to sally forth. Armor and movement, walls and open spaces, stability and adventure—between these poles the life and thought of a community perpetually oscillate. The hardihood that sustained the navigators of the Renaissance penetrated the study; men faced the infinite in thought, the untried in science, the inexpressible in poetry with a new confidence in their powers; even in illness and hallucination they added to the tally of their triumphs: the Blakes and Nietzsches have a place alongside the Leonardos and Newtons. More truly than the classic thinkers, the men of the Renaissance could say that nothing human was foreign to them, for they had made the world their own.

Within the last generation, however, the sense that our humanist world has gotten out of hand has slowly been creeping over us. What looked like a triumphant conquest of Nature and Man's Institutions has relapsed into a siege; and meanwhile, the enemy has invented new terrors and difficulties. Reason is not as strong as we had thought in disciplining the personality, and natural benevolence not quite so copious: science and invention and machinery have not automatically removed the brutalities of toil: the elimination of past abuses is no guarantee against future ones: and the nations, instead of settling down to create their own heaven on earth, as Sir Thomas More had hoped and as the eighteenth century philosophers had planned, are only too apt, through blind imbecility, to raise hell on their neighbor's portion.

Baffled by these difficulties, it is only natural that men should lose confidence in the adventure, and withdraw to their cellars; and for the moment, the cellar-philosophies are multiplying. The philosopher reduces this tumultuous, man-infected world to a neat grammatical "universe of discourse," and with Messrs. Moore and Russell creates a new scholaticism: the artist ceases to battle for a place in our mechanical civilization, and glorifies the mechanism that is eliminating him: the political observer turns away from the great array of social programs that were formulated from Morelly to Marx, and abandons political life to the rule of thumb or brass knuckles; in literature, a hard, dry classicism gives to technique the satisfaction that used to come from thought and imagination. In short, we are obviously in for a period of spiritual shrinkage and encystment; and it was to Mr. Hulme's credit that he jubilantly proclaimed the final stage of this process before most people realized it had begun.

Against this inane acceptance of ebb-and-flow the humanist, however, is driven to protest; for one of the reasons for being conscious of historic process is to be able to correct them without passively awaiting the turn of the tide. To relapse hastily into formalism is to acknowledge defeat before the battle has been fought; and although the forces

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of humanism are weaker now, perhaps, than they have been for three hundred years, they are not yet done for. In æsthetics, in philosophy, in social life, formalism represents the path of least resistance: to praise machinery or to accept the Church's solutions for our moral dilemmas is much easier than to put machinery in its place and to carve out a positive morality which shall bear some relation to the facts of natural history. But it does not become a philosopher to embrace the first program, and call it true or good; that, indeed, is the shoddiest of rationalizations. If humanism loses out, that is, if it does not repair its own weaknesses and rally fresh minds to its standards, it will mean only that the generation which followed the war is tired—even as Mr. Hulme was tired before the war broke out. These unfinished Speculations focus, I believe, the capital intellectual conflict of our time; and for this they deserve an honorable place even in the consideration of those who, like myself, feel inimical to the views Mr. Hulme sets forth.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

# James Oppenheim

*The Sea, by James Oppenheim. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.*

IN their incertitude, the members of the Seven Arts group overrationalized the process of artistic creation. Literature, painting and music were going to be produced, it would have seemed, out of the impulse to rectify American life; and the summons to youth was couched too frequently in the shape of moral exhortations and appeals to the conscious will. The lady was charged to arise from the bed of her paralysis. In certain of the members of the rebel group, the moralistic rationalizing attitude flowed from a state of weakness since rapidly left behind by them. But in others, the incapacity to permit a form, idea, a picture to speak for them has spoiled much of the work done in the days successive in the collapse of the young periodical, and among these James Oppenheim stands eminent. The process of liberation has been a lingering one for him. He has remained pretty consistently on that mentally circumscribed and rootless plane from which the entire group commenced functioning. Much respectable work has come out of him since the fall of 1917. He has waxed more powerful a mason of words, and produced splendid bits of verbal color and well-sustained passage of Whitmanesque rhapsody. And many aspects recommend him to his contemporaries, not less appealingly now than in the past. As a personality, he has proven himself always kindly, paternal and sympathetic, possessed of that alertness to world-issues, that sense of values and largeness of outlook produced by the stimulated intelligence. In every crisis he has sided against the herd and with the angels. But in his poetry, rationalizing attitudes of mind have consistently bound him. If the better portion of his work recently collected in the large volume The Sea shows Oppenheim a maker of magnificent phrases, it also attests him predominantly a kind of exalted, dithyrambic Felix Adler. Only the more recent section of his work called Golden Bird brings evidence of feeling given something approximating freedom.

It is not without sentiment of the horrid irony of life that one sees in James Oppenheim, a little "father of ethics." No writer has preached more vehemently, more consistently than he the necessity of creating out of pure unrationalized feeling and in disregard of past experience received, nor attempted more grandiosely to express the subconscious uncharted elements of his own life. He has been very forward with the Mother, to utilize a little the language favored by some of his Jungian co-religionists when describing the mystic creative act, and pretended that he has produced from out his psyche many fiery symbols beyond himself. His poetry nevertheless moves entirely within a pattern laid deliberately and from without upon his life. Intellect and feeling have not been welded in shaping the superficially surging tumultuous matter of The Mystic Warrior and The Solitary, as intellect and feeling have been fused alike in the poetry of William Blake and of Alexander Pope. The poetic sea rises in Oppenheim and cannonades against the cliffs; but rarely does the liquid matter become solidified in the form of a self-sufficient, self-manifest thing, no more than the winter sea itself becomes the cliffs whose shapes it momentarily seems to hold. The poet advances, tearing his priestly robes and spilling drunken language. Should you peer close, however, you would see the ecstasy gyrating inside a field delimited and staked out for it by a gray awake old reason. Reason with its formulæ and preconceptions had arrived on the battle-ground long before poor sluggard feeling was up, and laid out in the scene, the cold old thing, in conformity with laws abstracted from experience. Songs for the New Age and The Song of Life, The Mystic Warrior and The Solitary alike, show emotions made to conform to some preconceived interpretation, and rattling about homelessly inside this arbitrarily imposed framework. Few sections of the autobiographic Mystic Warrior are really felt; the poet has let only three or four become bitingly real to him, the greater number of the sections resemble statements far more than realizations; and they are not permitted to talk for themselves, not even in their castrated condition. The author seems to have been afraid that the reader might see more than he was intended to see. Each section in some corner includes a little fabula docet. Apparently at six Oppenheim met some dirty little boys, who gave him sticky cocoanut candy to eat; that night, his mother asked him to draw, and he began to design a sailor on a mast; then vomited. "So here," says the poet, "is a curious beginning of that conception and giving birth which later shall be my art."

At twenty-seven he strikes up a friendship with a fellow poet, and on the Palisades they lie and talk. The scene we do not see, or hear the talk. It is the comment of the poet we get:

> We have recovered one of the secrets of the Periclean Greeks
> The love of man for man which is rooted in the body
> But raised into contactless talk;

Yet for some reason, mirabile dictu, we are not convinced that Oppenheim and his speech-friend really discovered the secret of the Periclean Greeks; and smile delightedly at the rhetorical demand:

> Did the Mermaid hear such thing? the Grove of Athens?
> Did Goethe and Schiller speak thus together?

It becomes obvious very early that the author is far less interested in the object before him than in substantiating a

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preconception he entertains concerning himself that he has had, if not the universal experience entire, at least the experience from which great poetry flows; and that he is to be compared to Walt Whitman. He speaks of "the Walts and the James's."

Like the Mystic warrior, the narrative poem The Song of Life, and the drama Night are built by means of rationalization about the person of the author. They reveal impulses of self-justification, and the necessity of calling a mediocre experience by loud and august names. In spite of the cosmic inferences of his themes, Oppenheim has not been able to make up his mind whether he is writing about a general or about a specific. He dodges nervously between "objectivity" and "subjectivity," willing to fix on neither. The characters of the narrative poem remain dolls prettily decorated, and move through Arthur Davies landscapes; the tale has neither the naïveté of fiction or the penetration of philosophy. The play introduces a priest who is no priest, a scientist not a scientist, and a poet who could never in all the world write a poem. The Song of the Sea, it is true, commences as a metaphor, and moves grandly for a few pages. Nevertheless, we are made aware very shortly that the author gets not enough satisfaction out of feeling life through a thing. He has, it seems, to mount the orator's rostrum in person and exhort, declare and save. The music was merely a pretext, a sort of overture to a modern Jung-analytic sermon.

Like content, like form. The surface of Oppenheim's work shows him possessed of no extraordinary sensitivity to the objects before him. The utterly living touch is out of his song. There are fresh informal perceptions on every page of Whitman; but Oppenheim's perceptions are always a little second hand. Sometimes he comes very close to capturing new sensations:

> The sea, black in the winter cloud-light,
> Swinging rough squares of sheeted water, laced with white foam,
> And spouting spume through the wind's mouth, and slashing into blue about jutting rocks,
> Hard, broken, like jostling steel out to the sky-rim——"

and yet, one finds it difficult to feel the entire crispness, immediacy fully present. His poetic language smells of the lamp; he knows Whitman, Nietzsche and the Song of Songs not wisely but too well. And if music comes to him readily, the tone of his speech remains ever a little unmodulated and heavy and unrelieved. He requires, it seems, an orchestra of a hundred instruments to serenade his mistress, and the exaltation finally wearies one. The really lovely lyrics called Songs out of Solitude, with their comparative reticency and subtlety of mood, come like poultices "to heal the blows of sound."

These songs, and the other unlabored pieces, are islands in the sea; and something which looks like the mainland seems to have appeared in Golden Bird. The poet has finally got a glimmer of the unconscious wisdom of Siegfried; for Brünhilde is never to be awakened with exhortations or even with the most perfect exposition of the working of the psyche, and only with a kiss. In many of the poems of this final section of his completed work, Oppenheim has given his lyrical moments with a minimum of rationalization; he has sung in trust of his feelings, contented in singing; and kept his intellect fairly successfully from its habitual usurpations. These love-poems have a new subtlety, tenderness and incisiveness. And yet, Golden Bird remains a promise more than a completely satisfactory performance; it is never poetry of the clearest water. The kerosene of the library lamp remains faintly sensible; and The Great Mother is a shameless rationalization, and Hebrews begins mightily and then dribbles into tawdry witticism. Hence, if these poems give one greater hope for Oppenheim's eventual freedom than one has dared for long to cherish, he has still to prove that he can root himself in the difficult coast land upon which he has at length set foot.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

# Edna St. Vincent Millay

IN the first place, what a name! Except for Walther von der Vogelweide, was ever lyric poet so sung into being by the very syllables of baptism!—Unless Avis Linnell of Hyannis wrote poems to the Massachusetts clergyman who murdered her long since.

Frederick Pinney Earle and Mitchell Kennerley, who between them published in 1912 an anthology called The Lyric Year, noticed in the collection not only a singing name but a poem that sang with it, Renascence. Fully armed from the head of Jove, had sprung a new miracle. Where there had been nothing, no whisper of her, stood a whole poet. Few were aware, but how aware were those few! Millay became at once a name for them to conjure with, a wand, a touchstone. The faithful remained faithful; but for nearly ten years, and even after a book was issued in which Renascence, the title-poem, was combined with briefer sorceries, only an increasing few realized what had happened. Among most poets, as among most editors and critics, a Millay zealot encountered little more than faint agreement or sympathetic doubt; until in 1921 came Second April, a volume not so surprising as the first, and Edna St. Vincent Millay awoke on many mornings to find herself each morning more famous. And now The Harp-Weaver has won a Pulitzer Prize.

Prizes had gone to poems in The Lyric Year, but none of them to Renascence, except the prize of life. Though the poem was as good then as it is now, literary authorities were at first languid, tolerant; it won attention mainly as a good sustained effort by a girl in her teens. Perhaps, as we are told, it won the poet a patron who, with the best intentions, sent her to a girls' college. Perhaps it won her admirers who afterwards, with whatever intentions, attracted her to Greenwich Village. Perhaps, as in the British cases of A. E. Housman and Moira O'Neill, it won her appreciative laymen, inconspicuous and quiet but numerous, whose ground-swell has rippled finally with critics.

There have now been printed six Millay volumes. In the book, Renascence, I for one would gladly dispense with the two long, rather callow poems, Interim and The Suicide; and I am sorry that the admirable English edition called Poems, includes from Second April, The Blue Flag in the Bog (which, bravely intended, yet drags along lamely) and Ode to Silence (which is the sort of mouldy Elizabethan stuff still affected by many of the Georgians). Renascence, though long, is lyrical. These other four poems, beyond passages, are not. Ode to Silence, like the drama, The Lamp and the Bell, is written not in water, but on a college blackboard. And yet the play, unlike the poem,

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emerges from classical stiffness and becomes finally an expanded lyric. The artificial, the imitative are sloughed off. In her own words:

> You may be sure 'tis nothing more than the thimble
> Of the matter she's forgotten. I never knew her
> Mislay the thread or the needle of a thing.

Or again, in the same play, she might be saying of herself.

> Who does not run
> As fast as I run shall be left behind me.

Aria da Capo, another lyric in dramatic form, is timely proof, like the later Harp-Weaver, that for a poet there is no gulf fixed between the lyric and so-called propaganda. Into this decade of timorous æsthetics has come a poet not afraid of something to say, whether it be the pang of second birth or the pang of first death, whether it be the truth about love or the truth about war. College has not taken away her native Shakespearean gift of making poetry seem natural speech; Greenwich Village, instead of affording her a Freudian God in her own image, has quickened her humor, as in A Few Figs from Thistles; and Vanity Fair has not as yet soured her humor to mere wit. She has survived her experiences.

The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems, her latest volume, contains as much poetry as any of the books but might better have been as slim as the others. It is a transitional book. For my taste the intellectual is here interfering too clumsily with the emotional. At times there is neither sandal nor stone. In the lyrics that continue her earlier vein, she is straining her youth; and in the maturer pieces, her wisdom is less intuitive and less wise than her younger wisdom. Perhaps only Housman, of our time, can be wisely young forever. The ballad from which the latest book is named is very deft and fundamentally moving, but I wish she had been able to quiet just a whisper of sentimentality; and, in my judgment, Sonnets from an Ungrafted Tree, the concluding section of the Harp-Weaver, though dexterous enough in a new manner, are less genuinely hers, bear more signs of fabrication than any of her other achievements, sound more like some of her less lyrical contemporaries, contain even a note of ill-health quite different from the earlier gay pessimism. But the Millay humor, freshly growing from the great earth, is too well-rooted to be displaced by noxious weeds.

Says a critic in the Chicago Times:

> Her poems play with the griefs that come as the obituaries of love. And they contain an ironical sadness peculiarly masculine . . . They are the half-humorous apologies offered for the failures of emotions. And they are a more promising, if unfortunate, symptom of the feminine emancipation from illusions than twelve birth clinics and a score of suffrage rallies.

Is this "ironical sadness" peculiarly masculine, or is it honestly feminine? With open eyes, Miss Millay sees her own sex and the other. She sees her time. She sees herself. Now and then, when she sees out of proportion, she knows it. And, on the whole, with the aforesaid deepening sense of humor, she sees not only others but herself in proportion to the airy universe. In this respect, however well she may have adhered to traditional technique, she goes contrary to the usual spirit of English poetry and is one of the Occidental singers to subdue personal emotions to the larger motion of the earth. Being a woman, she is sadder in the process than Wordsworth was, but being human, she enjoys her melancholy. The pomps of this wicked world do not deceive her, and she puts the vanities eventually into their proper place. Like Emily Dickinson, she knows her hermitage in the heart of nature; but unlike Emily Dickinson, who retired to a garden, she carries her hermitage with her.

Reverting for a moment to the question of form, the fact is noteworthy that in her limpid stanzas and in those clear-flowing sonnets discovered and printed by William Marion Reedy, indubitably the most important of American sonnets, she has so infused her new spirit into old forms that her stanzas and sonnets seem fresher than all the technical variations of the experimentalists. She has proved that renovation can be innovation. Alongside Renascence, The Waste Land with its careful capers grows stale and unprofitable.

Twelve years have passed since the appearance of Renascence; and, as much for the importance of that poem as for anything she has written since, Edna St. Vincent Millay holds a secure place in American letters, a securer place, I imagine, than any of her contemporaries. Remembering how slowly recognition came to her in the beginning of our poetic revival, it is pertinent and interesting to consider the recognition accorded new-comers in the year of poetic grace, 1924. Poetry, during the decade, has increased in vogue. Poetic schools have come and, when methods and trickeries were lifted for the moment above substance and truth, have gone. Poetry magazines and societies have flourished, and the lecture platform has resounded with verse. Editors and critics have been on the generous lookout for arrivals and, eager to discover, have in many cases accorded grotesque acclaim to mediocre or merely clever performances. The result is that poets who might have been genuine are petted into foppery, and that many little journalists are vaunting the laurel in their smart lapels. Would fresh verse hold its quality better, if watchers like myself were not so impatient for the public to become aware?

Perhaps, sometimes away from us all, not touted in Chicago by Poetry, in New York by The Measure, in Philadelphia by Contemporary Verse or in limbo by The Dial, not even presented anonymously in Mexico by Palms, an important American poet may be creating an important American poem, another Renascence, to miss a prize and win a permanence. If so, the slow-moving public will become aware again, in its own good time.

WITTER BYNNER.

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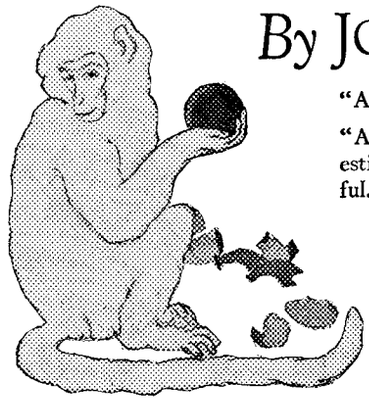

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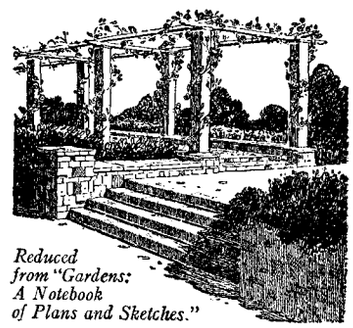

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to be recognized as the new science of sociology. Social scientists of the present are busily engaged in clipping the wings of these words, an occupation which in its extremes might fittingly be called conceptual homicide.

Professors Balz and Pott have taken biology and psychology too seriously to be regarded as mere wing-clippers. In seeking a solid basis for social theory beyond the realms of conceptions, they have realistically approached man in his biological setting. To the question "how far is human behavior conditioned by biological inheritance?" they propose answers which should satisfy even the most rabid biological determinists. They see, however, what the biological determinists never see, namely, that the content of human nature is richer and more fluid than is implied in any schematic catalogue of inherited tendencies. Instincts are not to them the inexorable and confining forces which forever define and limit capacities but rather "correlations of structure and function" which "may function in a life controlled by intelligence and enlarged by imagination." Every valid and insistent demand of the biological determinist is granted and then shown to be inadequate as an explanation of man's behavior in a social environment. This section of the volume proclaims no new truth but says what needs to be said concerning the biological aspects of human nature in more convincing language than is contained in any other similar work known to the reviewer.

The psychological portions of the text are slightly ambiguous, not apparently through any fault of the authors but rather because the categories of biology are more definitive than those of psychology. This is the more regrettable since the central thesis of the book, namely, that psychology is social psychology, becomes acceptable only when clarified by adequate categories. There is a frank recognition that such terms as mind, consciousness, intelligence, feeling, desire, and will—the categories of "inner experience"—are unsatisfactory for social psychology, but they are not rejected. Stimulus, response, adaptation and adjustment are also permitted a legitimate place but "social psychology will require categories other than, and in addition to, those furnished by biology, behavior-psychology and physiology." If the above terms are to be used as symbols for problems and "not as categories constitutive of" the subject-matter of social psychology, the commendable suggestion is made that social psychology must find its data in social situations, in the facts of activity. A social fact is *"any fact that could not come to be at all save within a group or congregate form of life."* The arguments used by the authors in the attempt to define psychology as social psychology proceed from the basis of an anti-dualism which refuses to grant integrity to mind-body, individual versus society concepts. They are better arguments than are usually proposed by anti-dualists, but they do not appear to constitute an adequate basis for the thesis that psychology is social psychology. After all, a desire to see human nature and the social process as a unity does not preclude the possibility or even the necessity of diversified scientific disciplines. In one sense all studies of nature, including human nature, are unified and the various sciences are merely arbitrary divisions of labor. The divisions are valid provided they are capable of particularizing problems and developing methods capable of illumining those problems. Behaviorism may be called a "hybrid" only when it can be proved that behaviorists have made claims for facts which transcend their method. "Individual psychology is an abstraction" only when seen through the social psychologist's eyes. If man is an organism, if he has "inner experiences," and if he also has social relationships, why is it not legitimate to expect a scientific methodology which will deal with each specific aspect of man's behavior.

The basis of social theory, according to Professors Balz and Pott, is the sociality of human nature, inherited and instinctive tendencies and capacities; the hope for progress lies in intelligent direction of inherited tendencies, instincts and capacities. Thus, "to put faith in mind is to recognize its value as the instrument that may make of social process a movement that is also progress." Would it not be preferable to call this the basis of a theory of man as a social organism? Social theory, if the term is to have meaning, must be theory regarding social units. If man is regarded as *the* social unit, there is no need for a further theory of social process. Social psychology has come to be the term which designates the study of man as a social being and the arguments proposed by Balz and Pott are in harmony with this tendency. What name shall then be given to theory which deals with groups, collectivities? Or does social psychology and its corresponding social theory make of groups also abstractions?

The above questions are raised in vindication of the previous statement to the effect that the psychological and sociological portions of the volume are less convincing and more ambiguous than the biological sections. Within its specified context the book deserves high praise. No single contemporary volume, with the exception of Dewey's Human Nature and Conduct, from which, incidentally, our present authors take many cues, contains, within its defined sphere, so much evidence of good sense and stimulating thinking. Its faults might all be condensed under the statement that its language is more relevant to philosophy than to science; misinterpretation is consequently easier and those who need most to be convinced of what our authors have to say will find it convenient to misinterpret.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

## (*Reply by Mr. Balz*)

My dear Mr. Lindeman:

Mr. Pott and I are deeply appreciative of your generous criticism and of your kindness in requesting me to examine your review before its publication. Your review is acute; and we could have hoped for nothing more commendatory. The disagreement suggested depends, I believe, more upon expression than upon principle. May I append a few comments in the hope that they will be clarifying?

Your are correct in asserting the predominance of the philosophical interest in the book. It is an expression, of course, of a general Welt-anschaung. Mr. Pott and I have been interested not so much in digging up new ideas as in attempting a more systematic statement of commonly accepted matters.

With reference to the question of dualism let me give a few words of explanation. We did not intend that the anti-dualistic arguments should serve so much as a basis for the thesis that psychology is social psychology as to show the ambiguities besetting the psychological tradition and rendering difficult the winning of a more adequate point of view. The word "hybrid" was used, I think, with refrence to so-called *general* psychology, not to behaviorism nor to physiological psychology in so far as this is consistently *physiological.* The expression was used to designate

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the inconsistencies of "general" psychology growing out of a commingling of influence, metaphysical, methodological, epistomological, and scientific, in its history. The result is a psychology of psychical or conscious states, more or less concerned, however, with the physics of stimulation, with the structure and functions of the nervous system, with the biological account of instinct, thought, and consciousness, with the chemistry of bodily processes, with emotions and glandular secretions, etc. Is it any wonder that psycho-neural parallelism appears as a working principle, i. e., as a generalized way of escape?

I would not deny that it is legitimate to have "a scientific methodology which will deal with each specific aspect of man's behavior." The legitimacy of behaviorism and of a psychology of the individual's reactions in abstractions from the social situation is admitted. But these abstractions must be *recognized as abstractions.* They are derivative, not primary. Social psychology, as concrete and fundamental, must provide the synthetic and synoptic survey; the derivatives represent the pursuit of more limited aims with special methods.

This may be made more intelligible by reference to the categories of "the individual" and "society." We do not deny the validity of the distinction but deny that it is primary—that it defines the subject-matter. The subject-matter is the social fact, whatever that may turn out to be. The investigation of the subject-matter reveals aspects that, in their distinction, can be described as the individual and the collective aspects, as the individual and society; and this means that the social fact is logically prior to the distinction. These pairs of terms are abstractions if each term is supposed to designate an independent body of fact. That which is individual and that which is collective are aspects of every social fact. When, however, the distinction in discourse is indentified with a duality in the facts, and then this confusion is conceived in terms of an ambiguous "general" psychology, the situation seems to be not conducive to sound social thinking.

In accordance with this point of view we have not denied the legitimacy of such terms as "mind," "consciousness," etc. Their current meaning reflects the ambiguities of traditonal psychology. What they should mean is a problem for social psychology. If psychology must eschew metaphysics, the terms are not for psychology but the names of metaphysical problems and should be re-defined in terms of the subject-matter of psychology. If it be asserted that no science can avoid metaphysical pre-suppositions, the reply is that psychology can revise its metaphysical basis in the light of that science of to-day which psychology seeks to use.

ALBERT G. A. BALZ.

# A Revolutionary Source Book

*Sources and Documents illustrating the American Revolution, 1764-1789, and the Formation of the Federal Constitution. Selected and edited by S. E. Morison. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.00*

THIS volume of selections was evidently prepared by Dr. Morison to fill an undergaduate need, with particular reference probably to that of his present classes at Oxford. It is, indeed, time, as he says in his preface, that "the American Revolution had a source-book of its own" but the task of preparing such a work is one of unusual difficulty. This has been increased by the attempt to include in this one small volume the sources for the formation of the Constitution as well. When one proceeds beyond the moral formal documents to add samples of debates, pamphlets and even private letters, the task of selection is is well-nigh hopeless. Although admitting the difficulties, Dr. Morison says that to those of his colleagues "who will marvel that he dared to tread in the footsteps of Stubbs, Gardiner and Prothero, he will retort as did Artemus Ward when he fell into poetry: 'Sich was not my intentions, tho ef occashun requires I can jerk a poim ekal to any of them Atlantic Munthly fellers.'" This extraordinary self-appraisal by the able young historian who temporarily occupies the chair of American history at Oxford has caused his fellow-workers to marvel much more than any supposed temerity in his editing a source-book.

The volume he offers should prove useful to those who have not access to the documents in their full form, though it may be noted that the bulk of those included are easily accessible in any good historical reference library. Only five are printed from manuscript. There are a few surprising gaps. Not even extracts are given from the Stamp Act or the Declaratory Act. Nor is this due to lack of space, for the page given up to the list of signers of the Declaration of Independence might well have been omitted and five pages are wasted in reprinting the amendments to the Constitution between 1791 and 1920, all of which lie outside the scope of the rest of the volume. The Introduction should be useful to the undergraduate but is inadequate as "a guide to the documents" as the editor terms it.

The assembling together of so many sources, however, when arranged and selected with the skill which might be expected of their editor is bound to be instructive. For the present reviewer, a reading of all the documents contained in the volume has emphasized two impressions which his other studies had already made upon him. One is the extreme complexity of the issues in the Revolution. Dr. Morison has made an admirable effort to represent as many of these as possible, and to give due weight to the influences operating in the different colonies and sections of colonial society. Even so one feels that this is not the whole story and that we must know much more of the social forces at work. The other is that the whole problem of colonial relations, which was essentially an administrative one, was suffered to become a political one, and was treated on both sides with all the lack of ingenuousness which one expects to find in a party controversy. That, for example, England derived vast benefits from the successful ending of the war which terminated in 1763 was beyond question. However, the efforts of such men as John Dickinson and others (p.49) to prove that the driving of the French out of Canada and the West was either of no value or positively harmful to the Americans, were really despicable in view of the repeated calls for help which had been sent to England at the beginning of the war by the New England and other colonies. This sorry phase of the controversy, and there were others, can be understood only in the light of the earlier terrors and appeals of the colonists, and serves to illustrate how little the events of any particular decade can be read solely in the documents belonging to such years. For the laborious work which Dr. Morison has performed, the student may well be grateful, but it is to be hoped that he will not fail to realize that he must go much further back if he is to understand aright the movements, the culminations of which is shown in the documents provided for him by the editor.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

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# What Is Man?

*What is Man? by J. Arthur Thomson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.*

PROFESSOR Thomson has an enviable and well-earned reputation as a popularizer of knowledge, but the present volume must be reckoned as one of his less happy enterprises. The reason is not far to see. There are limits to human capacity, and if one continues, year in and year out, to pour forth books and articles of a general nature, some are bound to show the effects of haste. Moreover, the author is not confining himself here to the field of biology in which he is eminently competent, but offers us an olla podrida of anthropological, biological, psychological, sociological tidbits, together with some seasoning of philosophy. The resulting dish is likely to tickle rather than satisfy healthy appetites.

Unfortunately there are not a few positive errors and misconceptions. It is not correct to speak of the reindeer unqualifiedly as "half-tamed rather than domesticated" (p. 64); the statement holds well enough for the Chukchi, but hardly for the reindeer-riding Tungus or the reindeer-milking Lapps. The origin of ironwork is said to be "often referred to about 6000 years ago, in postglacial North Africa"; but this important achievement is rather more commonly credited to Western Asia, and to a period some two millennia later. Again, a popular fallacy is strengthened when the coyote is mentioned, together with the jackal and the wolf, as ancestral to the domestic dog: recent comparative studies have shown that the American dogs are not derived from the coyote or other indigenous New World carnivores but can be traced back to a prototype brought into the Western Hemisphere by the Indians when emigrating from their pristine Asiatic home.

Rather more serious than such errors in detail for a biologist accustomed to expound the influence of heredity, Professor Thomson is willing to swallow some of Dr. Huntington's generalizations. He quotes with obvious approval a paragraph in which the American native's lack of originality and inventiveness is ascribed to the effects of the Arctic climate which his ancestors had to endure before spreading over the American continent. Apart from the reality of the phenomenon to be explained, which seems debatable, how comes it that the Chukchi and Eskimo, who not merely have lived but continue to live in the extreme North, are the veriest models of primitive inventiveness? Finally, it is most amusing to find the author first warning his audience against confounding nationality and race, and then straightway doing his best to perpetuate the hoary fallacy that Lapps and Finns, Magyars and Turks, are to be classed with Mongoloids. That probably holds for the Lapps, but from a *racial* (that is, biological) point of view, the linguistic kinship of the Finns with the Lapps and their more remote linguistic affinity with the Magyars is quite irrelevant, while the Turks of Turkey are by no means of the same race as, say, the Kirghiz and other Asiatics who speak related languages. It is almost incredible that a man of Professor Thomson's qualifications should fall prey to such crude and repeatedly exposed misconceptions. The moral presumably is that anthropology cannot be popularized except by an anthropologist—also that such enlightenment of the public is a perennial obligation for the professional.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

# Modern French Music

*Modern French Music, by Edward Burlinghame Hill. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. $4.00.*

THE note-book of a conscientious student following Professor Hill's music courses at Harvard would probably resemble this volume in no slight degree. The concise, factual style, the judicial impartiality, and the absence of gaudy generalizations all savor of the lecture room, and yet crystalize into an unpedantic book of reference that will be highly valuable to the general reader.

Professor Hill is never opinionated, rarely personal. The very generosity of his treatment of the ultra-modernists is less a mark of preference than a neutral "hands off." "Of necessity the critic must be behind the composer in grasping the expressive value of radical musical thought," he admits with equanimity, and it is difficult to determine whether the statement veils a bias for or against the composer, Darius Milhaud, to whom he refers.

Similarly are his final conclusions tempered to the mildest of prophesies. Debussy, affirmed by Dukas, Schmidt and others, restored French music to nationalistic assertion after the Wagnerian subjection of the 'eighties and 'nineties. The "Groupe des Six" are "as subservient to Stravinsky and Schoenberg as their æsthetic forbears were to Wagner." It is thus likely, thinks Professor Hill, that the pendulum is bound to swing again to a more patriotic measure.

M. E. O.

## Contributors

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JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS, author of several books on New England history, was awarded the Pulitzer prize for his The Founding of New England in 1922.

ROBERT H. LOWIE's latest book, Primitive Religion, has just been published (Boni and Liveright).

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